

DOUBLE-PAGE ILLUSTRATION, "THE LAST EASTER REHEARSAL," IN THIS ISSUE.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

VOL. LXXXVIII.—No. 2275.
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NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1899.

PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
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Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post-office.



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LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

Judge Building, No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

EUROPEAN SALES-AGENTS: The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, E. C., London, England; Saarbach's News Exchange, Mainz, Germany; Brentano's, Paris, France.

APRIL 6, 1899.

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Terms: - - \$4.00 per year.
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Foreign Countries in Postal Union, - \$5.00.

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January 6th, 1898, No. 2208.
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February 3d, 1898, No. 2212.
February 10th, 1898, No. 2213.
February 17th, 1898, No. 2214.
February 24th, 1898, No. 2215.
March 3d, 1898, No. 2216.
May 13th, 1898, No. 2226.
June 2d, 1898, No. 2229.

The Easter Symbol.

EASTER, which stands for the revival and permanency of life, was fitly appointed to take its place in the spring calendar. Agreeably with customs long followed by the pagans and the Jews, the Council of Nice, in the fourth century, called purely to secure a uniform date to the Easter feast and celebration, fixed it when nature awakened at the vernal equinox.

Whether Easter was named from Eostre, the Anglo-Saxon goddess of the dawn, is now immaterial—since it points to and gains its significance from the Christian doctrine of the Resurrection. The use of the egg in various and emphatic ways, on Easter, has an obvious reason. It represents life and its continuance. Further back than the days of the Druids, even beyond the time of St. Augustine, the egg was made the symbol and basis of hope. The people of Egypt used it, as they did the scarab, amongst their hieroglyphics, and gave it sacred esteem as symbolizing the post-diluvian restoration of the race. The Jews, it is known, connect it invariably with the Passover feast—where it also represents an escape from bondage, or a release to a new life.

There is said to be a curious Mongolian tradition—which more than equals the Hindu one of the earth's standing upon an elephant, and the elephant upon a turtle, and so on—evolved to make a current cosmogony. It was to the effect that some wonderful bird of celestial type "laid an egg on the breast of one of their deities," whereon it was in due time hatched. But the god carelessly, or by design, allowed it to break and fall into the water, when this result happened: "The upper part then became the sky, the lower the earth; the liquid white formed the sun, the yolk the moon, and fragments of the shell became the stars." Perhaps this was the origin of the "Humpty-Dumpty" catastrophe, which "all the king's horses and all the king's men" could not undo. But the egg in question—as eggs ever since have been—was broken for a purpose. Out of their shells come life, as the well-known proverb, "*Omne vivum ex ovo*," has so long attested.

None of the Oriental nations has missed the appreciation of this fact, and even Saxon, Dane, and Druid have, on account of it, devoted the egg to spiritual and religious use. The chaos from which the universe was moulded was thought by the Egyptians and some of the Greeks to be in the form of a monstrous egg.

One writer says that "from the egg proceeded fire," with which, one might say, it has from time immemorial been connected. The birth of numerous divinities and heroes was fabled to be from an egg; and even Aphrodite from the ocean was not necessarily an exception. In the Zoroastrian, or Persian belief, the dozens of good and of bad spirits were bundled together, each set in its separate egg; and when these eggs got broken, evil and good began their existence and warfare on earth. It is comforting to know that Ormuzd, the chief of the good ones, is to be triumphant over his adversary, Ahriman, in the end. These eggs must have suggested the Pandora's box, which held such powerful forces—and even that box may have been an egg, or egg-shaped.

The Hindus, who have a supreme reverence for life in even its lowest forms, on account, probably, of their doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and who are, therefore, vegetarians, eschew the egg and leave it out of their dietary. In Lent members of the Greek Church do not eat eggs. They are put by them under the ban of meat. On the arrival of Easter, however, eggs are profusely used in regions where the Greek religion prevails, as they long have been in all countries—but more emphatically on the European continent. They were colored centuries ago for Easter, and, in connection with their use, the folk-lore of many lands abounds in most fanciful superstitions.

The Easter egg is always boiled hard to be more durable, and to better receive its color, gliding, and devices, for it is often to be kept for a considerable period. Perhaps the most public exploitation of egg-play at Easter, in America, is that which the children are permitted to have annually in the White House grounds at Washington, where eggs of all colors and inscriptions are rolled by them on the grass. If we are not at fault, this assemblage of the children on the White House lawn does not antedate the Civil War, but began in either Lincoln's or Johnson's Presidency.

A Great Industry in Peril.

THE unexpected nature of the testimony of General Miles before the army investigating committee at Washington tended to reverse public opinion regarding the army-beef question. As long as it was believed that the brave and distinguished commanding officer of the army was himself responsible for the charges, the public looked upon them as very serious. But his revelation on the stand, while under oath, that he was not responsible for sensational newspaper charges, and that one of the most prominent journals which has joined in denouncing the army-beef rations printed an entirely fictitious interview with him, and his further withdrawal of the charge in reference to alleged experiments with embalmed beef, completely changed the situation, and public sentiment shifted accordingly. Subordinate officers made complaints against the character of the army beef, more particularly against that which was refrigerated. But the grave accusation of a sensational press against the great packing industry of the United States is deprived of the weight of the commanding general's testimony to support it. This is well, for it is obvious that great injury has been done to the canning business by the ill-advised and apparently unwarranted charges against it made by sensational journals.

The United States controls the fresh-meat trade of the world. A billion pounds of meat are sold annually by the packers of this country. Their trade reaches into every civilized land, and the development of this business by American energy, foresight, and capital has vastly stimulated the cattle industry of the plains and its allied interests in the agricultural field, and has given direct employment to tens of thousands and indirect employment to hundreds of thousands of bread-winners in the West, the South, and the North.

American meats are preferred wherever the best is in demand. The markets of the world, for which all nations are competitors, have been fairly won by the venders of our meats after a long struggle. For a quarter of a century canned foods have been among the staple domestic commodities of this nation. They have constantly grown in popular favor, and have won a place in nearly every household in the civilized world. If our canned foods had been improperly packed, or if they had been preserved by poisonous or unwholesome acids, the canned-goods trade could not have survived the prompt exposure of these facts by the health authorities.

Admit that some of the meats sent to the army were unpalatable or unfit for consumption by the time they reached the base of consumption, in a hot and humid semi-tropical climate! Have not similar charges been made repeatedly against the coffee, the hard-tack, the medicines, condensed milk, and, in fact, against everything perishable that was sent to the army in the feverish hurry of a sudden war? Occasionally canned foods, such as salmon, corn, and lobster, purchased for family use, are found to be unwholesome. Investigation by the health authorities almost always shows that the fault is not with the packer, but with the purchaser. It is time that the American people should strip this question of its political side and consider it seriously from the practical standpoint of business. The efforts of Germany, France, and other competing nations to drive American meats from their markets have failed simply because we produce better meats and sell them at lower prices than our competitors. By drastic legislation foreigners have sought to fight the competition of American meats, after having failed in every attempt to prove that they were unwholesome. Retaliatory legislation was the club which we were finally compelled to use to protect our beef and pork products from the unjust discrimination of Germany and France.

Attacks on the packing industry were begun years ago by the governments of France and Germany, aided and abetted by the press of those countries, which strove to prejudice foreigners against all American commodities. For twenty years the ablest chemists of Germany and France, under governmental direction, have been analyzing American food-products, to secure a pretext for their exclusion on hygienic grounds. They have utterly failed, because American canned foods are the best in the world. And now, does any reasonable man believe that American packers of meat would prepare wholesome foods for the general public and at the same time deliberately prepare poisoned meats for the use of our patriotic soldiers at the front? If they were capable of such baseness they would court swift and inevitable exposure and reputations forever blasted.

The indignation of the American people, aroused by the charges against American food products by foreigners, has not yet subsided, and it is a public misfortune that at this juncture the foreign press is fortifying its scandalous

accusations by publishing extracts from the testimony of our newspapers, and urging upon foreign governments that this "unimpeachable testimony is good material to use against the United States in the question of American canned meats." We have given the precise language as cabled to this country from Berlin.

We have nothing to do with jealousies or differences that may exist in the army, the navy, or in administrative circles. That is a matter that must take care of itself in its own way. But every thoughtful citizen must deplore the fact that we have permitted the discussion of the army-beef question to take such a form as to place in serious peril a splendid American industry. How vast and far-reaching this interest is, and how much it is accomplishing for the welfare of the people, are clearly shown by a carefully-written article which appears elsewhere in this issue.

The Death Penalty.

THE electrocution of Mrs. Martha M. Place, of Brooklyn, for the willful murder of her step-daughter, preceding an attempt to kill her husband, shocked the sensibilities of many persons, and there was some resentment at the refusal of Governor Roosevelt to grant a pardon or a commutation of the sentence to imprisonment for life. The conduct of the Governor, however, was amply justified. The woman's crime was atrocious. Her guilt was unquestioned. The severest penalty was well deserved.

The purpose of punishment has regard not only to the person punished, but it is intended to serve also as a warning to others who may contemplate the commission of crime. He who takes a human life deliberately and willfully is, therefore, deemed worthy of death himself. Otherwise, the vengeful feelings of many a degenerate mind would tempt to the commission of a murder. The death penalty is the severest sentence that can be inflicted, though some insist that life imprisonment is a still greater, because it is a longer, punishment. It is not to be doubted, however, that the criminal class dread the death sentence, as a rule, more than any term of imprisonment.

The execution of a woman is extremely repugnant to the modern idea of civilization, but statistics show no decrease in the number of murders committed by women where the death penalty does not exist. Wherever capital punishment has been abolished an agitation has speedily arisen in favor of its restoration. The total abolition of capital punishment is not favorably considered by our best criminologists. They prefer something like the California law, which permits the jury to fix the penalty in capital cases, making it either death or life imprisonment. If with the latter were coupled a proviso forbidding the pardon of a life prisoner, there would be less opposition to the abolition of the death penalty.

The Plain Truth.

OUR volunteers in the Spanish war do not appear to be frightened by a recollection of embalmed beef, bad rations, or the hardships of the wet trenches. The work of recruiting the army up to the full force of 65,000 men allowed by the new law is nearly completed already, and most of the recruits are from the volunteer regiments, who seek to re-enlist, and express a preference for service in the Philippines, where some fighting is going on. About 23,000 men are being recruited, and it looks as if this entire number would be mustered in by the middle of April. On the whole, the life of the American soldier is as cheerful as that of any other in the world, and his pay is certainly a great deal better than that of any other.

It must be conceded that Mr. John D. Crimmins makes a very good argument when he favors what is called the Astoria Gas bill at Albany, on the ground that it will banish gas-works and allied enterprises more or less offensive to a densely-populated community, from Manhattan Island and locate them at a comfortable distance in Astoria. The gas-plants in New York City, when built, were mostly in out-of-the-way places, where they were least objectionable. But with the rapid growth of our city a dense population now surrounds nearly every gas-holder, and the noxious fumes from the retorts are a menace to the comfort and the health of hundreds of thousands of persons. With unfavorable winds these noisome smells are wafted into the best residential parts of New York, compelling householders to close their windows in a vain attempt to escape the stench. Any bill which will abate this nuisance without doing violence to property or public rights certainly deserves to be promptly passed by the Legislature.

The action of Governor Candler, of Georgia, in publicly denouncing the recent murder, by a mob, of half a dozen negroes, while the latter were bound with ropes and penned in a jail at Palmetto, will not lessen the feeling of great indignation which this outrage has aroused. The murdered negroes were accused of incendiarism, and it is said that some of them had confessed; but, as Governor Candler says, "the outrage was inexcusable, as the men were in the hands of the law and the law was amply able to punish them, and conviction and punishment were absolutely certain if the proofs were at hand." Much sympathy has been expressed with the South in the past, by those who believed that the predominance of a vicious element among the blacks endangered the welfare of unprotected women. The one partly-accepted excuse for the lynching and shooting of negroes has been that it was made necessary in order to protect defenseless women throughout the South. But in the Palmetto case women were not concerned, and the murder was a cold-blooded, cowardly outrage. A mob of armed men, masked, as cowards always are, rode to the warehouse in which the helpless culprits were incarcerated, compelled them to stand up, bound as they were, and shot them to death. The negroes pleaded for a chance to fight for their lives, but even a moment in which to prepare their souls to meet their Maker was refused them. The Southern press and Southern leaders denounce this outrage in unmeasured terms. It should not be charged to the people of the South. It was the work of criminals, whose punishment, we trust, will be swift and certain.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—THE new minister appointed by Mexico to represent that government at Washington, in place of the lamented Señor



THE NEW MEXICAN MINISTER.

Romero, is the Hon. Manuel Azpiroz. He has had a distinguished career, having served his country valiantly in war and faithfully in many honorable civil positions. He was born at Puebla, June 9th, 1836, was highly educated in Mexican seminaries and colleges, and in 1856 was graduated as bachelor of arts from the University of Mexico. He studied law and won a high reputation in his chosen profession. For his bravery in the war against the French intervention he received several medals specially created by the Mexican Congress, and was honored by a number of well-earned promotions. After the republican government had been definitely re-established Colonel Azpiroz became assistant secretary of foreign affairs, and in 1872 came to Washington as agent and counsel for Mexico on the joint claims commission. He was afterward the Mexican consul in San Francisco, and in late years occupied the responsible place of assistant secretary of foreign relations in the Cabinet of President Diaz. He has won remarkable success as a soldier, lawyer, writer, and public official, and the *Mexican Herald* says that he possesses the best characteristics of Mr. Romero, who preceded him.

—"Citizen Pierre" is the expressive title which Mr. Charles Coghlan has given the latest output of his busy brain. The play will be produced for the first time upon any stage at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in New York, April 10th, and for this engagement Mr. Coghlan has engaged a very strong supporting company, included in which are Robert Drouet, who for several months past has been the leading man at the Murray Hill Theatre, and Rose Eyttinge. An elaborate scenic and costume environment is being prepared, and the management asserts that not only is the forthcoming production the most pretentious of Mr. Coghlan's efforts, but the offering, as a whole, will be the most stupendous that Broadway has seen this season.

—In the recent Samoan rebellion the Mataafa forces have destroyed the native village of Apia and have deported its



THE CHIEFESS OF APIA.

chief, Seumanutafa, to the distant island of Tutuila. Many sailors and officers of the navy of the United States will regret the defeat of this chief and the loss of her home which has befallen his wife, Fa'atulia, a woman of very high rank. She was as busy in her own way as was her husband when the hurricane of 1889 drove the *Trenton* and *Vandalia*, of the United States Navy, ashore. While Seumanutafa directed the work of rescue of the drowning sailors, Fa'atulia opened a hospital in her house and had all the women of her village pressed into service as nurses for the care of the survivors. Admiral Kimberley was almost exhausted by his unrelenting efforts to save the boys of his fleet, and became the guest of Fa'atulia. The wind and storm had laid her village of Apia almost in ruins, but the chiefess issued her orders, which none might disobey, and all work came to a standstill in order that there might be no chance of noise to awaken rudely the tired admiral. In the last six or seven years, since the mail-steamers have been using Apia as a port of call between Australia and California, Fa'atulia has become quite well known to those who have occasion to travel that way. One of the first things done by the tourist is to proceed to make the acquaintance of Seumanutafa and his wife. Fa'atulia speaks English quite readily. She is very highly regarded by the few white women in Apia, for her conduct is unexceptionable. The looting of her home by the rebels will fall more hardly on her than on other women of her race, for Fa'atulia has received many valuable gifts from the United States and from many officers of the navy. Under the Samoan custom a chief is elected to serve until his village gets tired of him. Seumanutafa has been chief of Apia for forty years. Whenever a move has been made to displace him it has been blocked by the influence of the white traders, which Fa'atulia has been able to obtain.

—The most liberal public benefactor in America is Andrew Carnegie, of New York. His benefactions, mostly to public libraries, colleges, and institutes, a number of them in Scotland, where he was born, aggregate, including his pledges, over \$8,000,000, including \$3,000,000 to the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh. Mr. Carnegie was formerly a telegraph-operator, and made his fortune in the iron industry. He is self-educated, and is one of the most careful and conscientious thinkers in the

country. Experience has taught him the value of education of the popular sort, and this is the inspiring motive for his generous contributions to public libraries throughout the country. Mr. Carnegie has never sought public office, and his gifts are most unostentatiously made. He is not a self-seeker in any sense, and the good that he has done is therefore all the more commendable and deserving of record.

—The tenth anniversary of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* has just been celebrated. Colonel James Elverson, Jr., the present



PHILADELPHIA'S BRIGHT YOUNG PUBLISHER.

general manager, to whom very much of the phenomenal success of the *Inquirer* is due, is one of the most interesting personages in American journalism. While Colonel Elverson is one of the youngest men to hold the responsible position of being at the head of one of our largest metropolitan journals, he has also proved himself to be one of the most successful. He has a wonderfully fertile and ingenious mind, and is the originator of many of the present plans for the circulating of a great newspaper

which have been generally adopted in all parts of the country. Colonel Elverson owes much of his success to his intimate knowledge of every department of a newspaper. Knowing, as he does, all of the mechanical intricacies of the Hoe press, the latest devices which have been introduced in the stereotyping department, or the value of a news story, he is able to place himself in immediate touch with every department, and remedy any mistake before it has proved a serious obstacle. Colonel Elverson is a member of Governor Stone's staff, having also served on the staff of the preceding Governor.

—One of the most noted characters in the South, and the oldest active railroad passenger conductor in the United States,



THE SOUTH'S OLDEST CONDUCTOR.

is M. W. Hutchens, of Athens, Georgia, better known as "Uncle Mat" Hutchens. He is known to every man, woman, and child of intelligence in the State, and is particularly remembered by every Northern man who has traveled on his train for the chivalrous courtesy he always shows to female passengers. He has been a conductor on the Georgia Railroad continuously for forty-three years, and during that time, no matter how crowded the train, he has never failed to tip his hat to every lady passenger before taking her ticket, and he is always pointed out as the "most courteous conductor on the face of the earth." Mr. Hutchens is in his seventieth year, and is as healthy as a man of forty. He has never tasted a drop of liquor, or even sweet cider, his avoidance of even cider being because he signed the old Washington pledge when he was a mere boy, which said, "I will not drink wine, spirituous liquor, or cider," and he thinks that by drinking sweet cider he would be breaking his sacred pledge. He also prides himself on the fact that he was never arrested, and that he never had an ugly row with a white passenger. "Uncle Mat" has an only son, who is superintendent of the Atlantic and Danville Railroad, and resides at Norfolk, Virginia.

—A press dispatch from Madison, Wisconsin, which appeared during the recent February blizzard, stated that Professor R.



A SCIENTIFIC PROFESSOR.

W. Wood, of the University of Wisconsin, had originated a very ingenious and successful method of thawing out frozen water-pipes by electricity. The professor connected a wire with the frozen pipe where it entered the cellar of a house, and then connected another wire with a faucet on the outside of a neighboring house, and caused an electric current to traverse the service-pipe and flow along the main. Within a few moments the electric current melted the frozen water. The device is simple. Professor Wood has also originated a new device for photographing in colors, by defraction, a method not heretofore tried. He uses a transparent film of gelatine marked with equi-distant lines, averaging 2,000 to the inch. The colors depend solely on the spacing between the lines. The peculiarity of the process is that there is no such thing as a negative in it. Professor Wood was born in Concord, Massachusetts, in 1868, was graduated from Harvard, was fellow in chemistry of the University of Chicago from 1892 to 1894, and has traveled extensively in Europe, where he perfected himself in physics at the University of Berlin. He has been connected with the Uni-

versity of Wisconsin since 1897, devoting himself mainly to research work in light and electricity. He is regarded as one of the coming men in the highest scientific field.

—The new librarian of Congress, Mr. Herbert Putnam, of Boston, at the Boston Public Library, was born in New York



THE NEW LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS.

City, and is the youngest son of the late George P. Putnam, founder of the well-known publishing house of G. P. Putnam's Sons. He was graduated from Harvard in 1883, studied at the Columbia Law School, went to Minneapolis in 1884, and there was admitted to the Bar. He became librarian of the Minneapolis Athenaeum, which was subsequently merged into the public library of that city, an institution founded mainly by Mr. Putnam's efforts. He resigned in 1891 to go to Boston, where he was chosen librarian of the Boston Public Library. President Eliot, of Harvard, calls him "one of the best three librarians of the country." His practical experience with libraries and his natural gifts and education fit him conspicuously for the place to which he has just been appointed, and professional librarians all over the country are greatly gratified by his selection.

—One of the bravest officers in the Confederate service was General Wade Hampton. He is one of the few surviving lieutenant-generals of the Southern army, and is well-nigh eighty-one years old. Recently, early on a Sunday morning, a servant discovered a fire on the roof of his residence, at Columbia, South Carolina, and the old general, without permitting any of the household to be awakened, climbed out upon the roof and aided the servant in extinguishing the flames. This feat is all the more remarkable, as an exhibition of courage and self-possession, by reason of the fact that General Hampton lost a leg during the Civil War.

—Miss Evelyn Ashton Fletcher is a young Canadian woman. She has a reputation as a musician, and is the originator of the



ORIGINATOR OF THE MUSICAL KINDERGARTEN.

"musical kindergarten," whereby children imbibe music by a delightfully easy and simple method—a method which appeals to their imagination, love of symbolism, and the picturesque, and thus makes it possible for music to develop the child physically, mentally, and spiritually. The usual drudgery attendant upon studying music is conspicuous by its absence. The principle of acquiring ideas by the sense of touch underlies Miss Fletcher's system. The notes, rests, and musical signs, such as clefs, sharps, flats, forte, piano, and so on, are cut out of wood stained black, and are then named and played with just as dolls, soldiers, or other toys would be. Games, plays, songs, and stories accompany the imparting of facts about these things they hold in their hands, and the children become interested enough to acquire knowledge which becomes fixed in the mind. Exercises for fingers and wrists are all taught by songs. Miss Fletcher has studied music in Germany, where she resided for five years. The idea of the musical kindergarten came to her when she began to teach and found herself confronted by classes of children. She was convinced that existing methods were far too difficult for childish minds.

—"Bill Arp"—Major Charles H. Smith—the famous Georgia humorist, gets his inspiration and humor from the quantities



GEORGIA'S NOTED HUMORIST.

of crackers and cheese he eats while in the throes of composition. Though in his seventy-fourth year, he goes about the premises doing chores in his night-shirt, drawers, and socks. It matters not where the mercury is. He cares not whether it rains, snows, freezes, or sleets. He is warm-blooded, and the daylight duties, while the rest of the family are asleep, are his fondest recreation. He can beat all the world making fires. The other day, after the early morning pastime was over, some one remarked: "Bill, how can you stand it? I should think you'd freeze to death in your shirt." "Why, do you feel cold?" asked the major. "Do I feel cold? Lordy! The mercury is five below." Up sprang Bill and into his coat and breeches scrambled. "Goodness!" he exclaimed, "I had no idea it was as cold as that!" The best things Bill Arp ever wrote were composed while a horde of children and grandchildren were crawling and fussing over him. He never loses patience. Like Napoleon, he can sleep in any position at any time, which means quick recuperation. If he looks older than seventy-three it is due to early piety and late poverty. Only the rich grow young. Bill's golden wedding was celebrated on March 7th at Cartersville, Georgia. He says Mrs. Arp has bossed him these fifty years, and he intends to rule the roost for the next twenty-five.



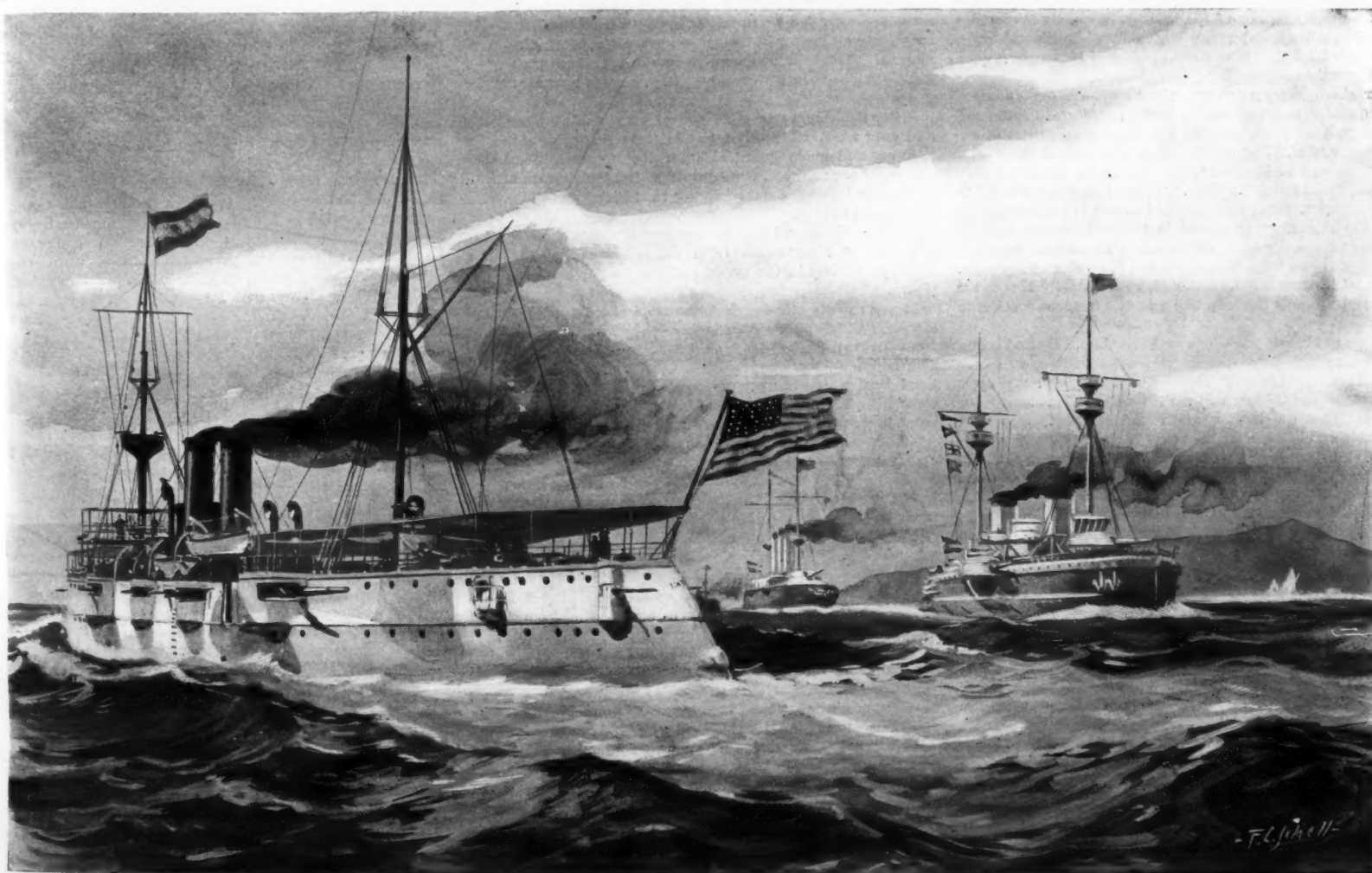
THE RUINS OF THE MAGNIFICENT WINDSOR HOTEL IN NEW YORK, THREE DAYS AFTER THE FIRE.

HUNDREDS OF WORKMEN WERE EMPLOYED, DAY AND NIGHT, UNDER THE SURVEILLANCE OF THE POLICE, DIGGING FOR BODIES AND FOR VALUABLES ESTIMATED TO BE WORTH NEARLY A MILLION DOLLARS.—(SEE PAGE 273.)



EXTERMINATING THE FILIPINO INSURGENTS.

THE AMERICAN GUN-BOATS "OESTE" AND "LAGUNA DE BAY," CLEARING THE WAY FOR GENERAL WHEATON'S FORCES, MARCH 14TH, NEAR MANILA.



LET US HAVE PEACE.

THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "RALEIGH," OF DEWEY'S VICTORIOUS FLEET, HOISTING THE SPANISH ENSIGN WHILE ON THE WAY TO NEW YORK, AND FIRING A SALUTE IN HONOR OF THE SPANISH SQUADRON, NEAR GIBRALTAR. THE SPANISH FLAG-SHIP RETURNED THE SALUTE AND HOISTED THE AMERICAN FLAG.

HUNDREDS OF WORKMEN WERE EMPLOYED, DAY AND NIGHT, UNDER THE SURVEILLANCE OF THE POLICE, DIGGING FOR BODIES AND FOR VALUABLES ESTIMATED TO BE WORTH NEARLY A MILLION DOLLARS—(SEE PAGE 275.)

WHITE VIOLETS.

BY MARY W. MOUNT.

ALL New-Yorkers remember a large gray building just opposite Washington Square, whose turrets stood like sentinels over the gloomy and ancient walls replete with mystery, whose very atmosphere breathed the memory of crime. At night the place looked gloomy and forbidding; in daylight the interior was commonplace enough, as far as anything in a building so old could look commonplace. Artists had studios there; one or two business men had offices in the building; some of the rooms belonged to men who lived there night and day. Of these, one was a young artist who lived in the west turret; the other was a man who was never seen in daylight by any mortal eyes. His turret doors were always closed as long as the light of day came in at his shaded windows, but at night he might be seen upon his flat roof, intently gazing upon the stars. So regularly was the dark figure of the man seen upon the roof in the night hours that he was given the name of "Astrologer."

The habitues of the building had ceased to laugh at him; new-comers were first amused at the mystery, then curious; finally they looked askance upon him, as on a man who had either committed some wrong deed from the consequences of which he sought to hide, or whose mind was dead to the world and worldly things.

Every morning the white-headed janitor might be seen to enter the turret-door, but neither questions nor bribes could elicit from him one word of the strange man whom he daily visited, nor would he by word or look acknowledge whether or not the turret was inhabited at all.

A curious specimen of humanity was this old janitor. His figure was a little bent, but the square firmness of his frame gave the impression that age had little to do with the stoop in his shoulders. From beneath heavy eyebrows gleamed a pair of shrewd, uncommunicative gray eyes; eyes with an indefinite something behind that impenetrable curtain of gray. Pain, anxiety, thought? It looked most like fortitude.

The young artist in the west turret had expressed more curiosity than any one else in his mysterious neighbor. He sat with door ajar day after day, watching the turret-stair. Sometimes his reward was a glimpse of the old janitor as he ascended with food for the recluse, but no other human foot ever mounted those stairs—until Myron Hale grew disgusted; but with the pertinacity which procured for him a high place among artists he determined that, come what might, he would learn the mystery of the east turret.

He had been in the big gray house for nearly a year when one day the janitor ushered into his studio a young girl. Shyly blushing, graceful, but not strikingly pretty, she yet had the characteristics which delight the eye of an artist. The janitor explained that he had brought her there thinking that Hale would like to make a picture of her; and quietly named the sum he required for her time, she, meanwhile, looking at him with a distressed, startled glance.

Without giving explanation of any kind as to whom she was, he departed abruptly, turning at the door to call back: "Her name is Alcoa."

The artist for a moment was as much bewildered as the girl. He had no inclination to begin a new picture that day. With an amused consciousness that his will had not been consulted as to the time and duration of the sittings, he quietly prepared a new canvas, Alcoa looking on with eyes in which interest began to supersede fright. "Was Alcoa her first or last name?" questioned the artist to himself.

A certain dignity and reserve about her forbade his addressing the question to her or calling her by name as he instructed her how to take position. She was most obedient, most exquisitely graceful. For one moment the faintest flash of a smile glimmered in her clear gray eyes as he called her Miss "Alcoa." It did not escape him. "That is not her name," he thought; "what motive can the old man have for deceiving me?" Vexed, curious, interested in the study before him, the sitting was unusually long, and it was with compunction that he noticed the weariness in her eyes and the pallor of her face. She refused his entreaty to rest, and, with a stately bow to the artist, stepped down the long hall and in a moment was lost to view.

Hale gazed blankly at the canvas before him. He had begun a new picture without any desire or necessity to begin another study. Then he threw back his head and laughed: "Why, it is as mysterious as the 'Astrologer'!" he cried. Suddenly came the idea, "It is the janitor who is the mystery. How do I know but that old man in the turret is some prisoner of his? How am I to know but that some deep mystery is gathered about this girl? She cannot be his daughter—he does not claim her as such—in words." And then Myron fell to day-dreaming, painting in the canvas before him with more and more interest as he followed up some strange thread of reasoning. Late in the afternoon he threw down his brush. "What a fool I am!" he cried, and then he went to dine and call out, as any other unromantic man might do who had not made up his mind to unravel a mystery or try to create one.

That evening a fair woman smiled up into his face with a smile which, his friends said, was vouchsafed only to him. "And what are you painting now?" she asked, a great deal of interest thrown into her tone.

If Miss Van Vert had any designs upon the artist's heart her remark was particularly unfortunate.

Hale's dark eyes shadowed instantly as there came to him a picture of a graceful form, a fresh, pure face, and big gray eyes that spoke all manner of sweet mysteries. "I'm working on a new study," he answered, constrainedly. He was no longer a genial, pliable young man. Miss Van Vert found him *distracted*, and allowed him to take an early leave without remonstrance.

"Myron Hale is just like the perspective in his own landscapes—you seem to see a long way into them, but never the end." How can I ever tell that he cares for me?

All the next day Hale passed alone. Alcoa did not come; it was warm and dull, oh, how dull! He wished that he had not

started another picture at such a season—it unsettled him, and it was so necessary for an artist to be calm. Upon reaching this conclusion he heard the janitor's step in the hall, and hastily flinging open his door he went out in time to intercept him on his way to the opposite turret.

The words he meant to speak were held upon his lips in sheer surprise. In his hand the janitor held a bunch of white violets.

"White violets at this time of year?" he ejaculated.

The crimson rose slowly in the old man's face, and his hand shook as though he had been detected in some wrong. He opened his lips to speak, but closed them again and stood silently looking at his violets, waiting for Hale to explain his interruption. The young man felt both irritated and ashamed; then he asked abruptly what time the next day Alcoa would sit for him.

"I expect, now," began the janitor uneasily, not answering his question, "you couldn't paint after sundown, could you? I should think, now, that it would make a nice sort o' picture—one of those twilight scenes that you have hanging up in your room."

"No, I can't paint without a good light," he replied. "Is there any special reason why you want her picture painted in the dusk?"

"Oh, no—no, sir," answered the old man, throwing out his hands deprecatingly; "I only thought it would be pretty." He seemed anxious to be gone, and said, turning away: "She can be here at two o'clock to-morrow."

Hale went back to his room and watched for the janitor's return. It was an hour later when he passed slowly down the hall again, a disappointed look on his face.

"No violets; I thought so!" ejaculated Hale, more than ever convinced of mystery. "And who sends violets at this season to that old recluse?"

The days came and went, and so did Alcoa, and though the picture neared completion and the janitor had twice again carried white violets to the east turret, the mystery seemed no nearer solution.

It did not astonish Hale that the janitor should want to buy the picture after its likeness to Alcoa was well established. "Part of his shrewdness, I guess," he thought, smiling; "thought he would wait and see if he wanted the painting before ordering it. But where did he get the money to pay for it?"

It was during the bargain for the picture that Hale, pointing with his brush to Alcoa, said: "Why do you let your daughter wear velvet in this weather? It is not necessary to the beauty of the picture, and is too warm for her."

Taken by surprise, the man answered, apologetically: "Her mother generally wore that kind o' dress."

"Not in summer?" said Hale.

"No; not in summer."

And then Alcoa rendered them both dumb. "I have never seen my mother wear velvet—never," she declared.

A startled, distressed look came into the janitor's face. "She did—once," he said to Alcoa, and went out.

Hale looked cautiously at her; she returned his gaze, the surprise slowly fading from her eyes. "I suppose," she said, answering his look, "he must mean years ago, before they were married. Think of his being so romantic! And mother—a faint blush rose in her cheeks—"why, I can't imagine mother in velvet gowns."

After that there was more conversation during the sittings and long rests, when Alcoa looked through the portfolios of sketches and made quaint, delightful criticisms. Sometimes she would try to draw, more to please the janitor than herself, as she was diffident about receiving the instructions which Hale had offered to give.

Myron Hale feared that his mystery was almost dissolved in the mists of imagination from which it was evolved, but a growing anxiety in the manner of the janitor awakened suspicion.

It was rapidly growing dark one evening at the close of summer, and a little chill air made Hale shiver as he looked across from his own roof to his neighbor's; and there, plainer than ever before, in the clear twilight, stood the recluse, and in his hand were white violets. He moved excitedly, now holding them at arm's length, now pressing them to his lips; then he paused, gazed fixedly at them a moment, and, with a cry, fell to the floor. Before Hale could move the janitor sprang from the open window and bent over the prostrate form. How long it was before his slow steps sounded in the hall below Hale never knew, nor could he, strain his eyes as he would, see what followed in the gathering darkness on the east turret.

Next day, going down to his studio earlier than usual, he was astonished to hear Alcoa's voice across the hall in a tone of dissent. The janitor was arguing in a pleading way until her assent was finally given in a voice so distressed that Hale, not having attempted to listen to their words, became alarmed, and going to see what could be the matter, heard the janitor say: "And so he tried to frighten you with tales of a poor, harmless old man, and you were silly enough to listen. Come, now is your chance to be charitable; go with me to visit this sufferer; the sight of a bright young face will cheer him so. And then—you are the living image of his dead wife."

Unwillingly she mounted the stairs, dragging her steps as she neared the top, so that he turned and said: "Come, Margaret."

"Margaret!" murmured Hale. "Why was I to be deceived about the trifle of a name? Yet—Alcoa may be her last name; for I don't believe she's his daughter."

Uneasily he painted until he heard the two descend the stairs and pass out. Not until he experienced the relief of knowing that she had returned safely did he realize how much afraid for her he had been; and with that came the knowledge that he loved her.

It was not friendship, then—this admiration of a lovely face

with a pair of speaking gray eyes and a sweet, sensitive mouth; this pleasure he felt in listening to a soft voice with an earnest dignity about it. No; the enjoyment of painting her picture had been misnamed all the time. This feeling for her was love. He realized now that he could not do without her. The picture needed little more to be complete; but as he planned and thought, fate and the janitor unconsciously played into his hands.

Several times in the following week the girl had gone to the turret. One day she went up alone, and waved her hand to the janitor with a smile, when he asked: "You don't mind going without me?"

His tone conveyed anxiety, and the fact that the old man remained on the stairs inspired Hale with a fear that his mind was not at ease about the girl. Why should he insist on taking her to see a man whom most persons considered deranged, and in leaving her alone when he evidently feared for her safety? Hale clinched his hand and determined that he would interfere should she ever attempt to go again.

A few days later his time came. Again the girl went up stairs with a smile on her lips and a bunch of white violets in her hand. While Hale debated with himself what to do, some one urgently called the janitor, and as he reluctantly obeyed the summons Hale rapidly ascended the stairs and waited on the upper landing.

All was perfectly silent above. So oppressive became the silence at last that Hale counted his heart-throbs in the stillness. A puff of steam floated through a crevice in the door above; and Hale sprang up and into the room, to find it filled with a sickening odor, and lying back in a wide, deep chair was Margaret, asleep, it seemed, for the color had not quite left her lips, which were parted. At her side stood a gaunt, wild-eyed man holding a metal cup of steaming liquid in his hand.

"Not too warm, now," he said, touching it with his lips; and then, as he put the cup to hers, Hale dashed it down and, snatching Margaret up in his arms, bore her to his studio. She revived immediately in the cool air, and, leaving her, he flew back with the one idea of punishing in some way the man who, he felt, was about to murder her; nor did he notice that the janitor was behind him. As they entered he pushed Hale aside, and looking rapidly around without seeing his charge—"Have you killed her, too?" he shrieked.

"You have taken her away again," moaned the man, who, whatever he had been, was now a raving maniac. "I made it for her that she might live forever; you have taken her away, and so I drank it myself. I will make the test, and then you will be willing to have her try. Once before you took her away," he cried, wildly, "and locked her in those walls," pointing with a long, thin, accusing finger at a roughly-plastered partition. "But she would not stay!" he shrieked, exultantly. "She came back to me with her white violets and her velvet gown, and she was not haughty"—his voice broke from a shrill cry to a moan.

The janitor took Hale by the arm and led him out. "You have saved the child," he said; "I would gladly give my life in gratitude. You will never speak of this?" throwing out his hand in agonized appeal toward the strangely-fitted room with its moaning figure huddled in the deep chair.

"Never, if Alcoa does not come here again."

"Go," said the janitor: "he needs me"; and, entering the room, he closed the door in Hale's face.

An hour later he came to the studio looking pale and unnerved. He was greatly relieved to learn that Alcoa had gone home under the impression that she had become faint from the heat of the turret-room and had been removed down stairs for fresh air.

"But I may as well tell you now," said Hale, positively. "that Margaret Alcoa promised to marry me an hour ago. We love each other," he added more gently, seeing that his news had been given too suddenly.

"Very well," answered the janitor, in a dull, spiritless fashion; "he is dead."

Dead! The word rang like a shot in Hale's ears, but he heard the janitor go on. "He has been searching nineteen years for the elixir of life; it turned his brain when he thought he had found it. He is not as old as he seems; I've raised him from boyhood, been his servant and companion. Once I thought I hated him—for a while, when he made his wife drink that elixir—but now I know that I loved him all the time. I tried to restore his mind, bringing him white violets—she loved them—then I thought Margaret would help to draw his mind away from his idea. That picture was for him." The tears dripped slowly down the old man's cheeks on to his wrinkled hands; he rose and mounted wearily the steps of the east turret.

There was some pity and much curiosity next day when the "Astrologer" was quietly buried, and about a month afterward a great wonderment, when his rooms were re-modeled, upon the finding of a woman's skeleton in the partition wall. Some folds that once were velvet clung around it, and was it a withered bunch of white violets clasped in the yellow lace upon the bodice of her gown?

Easter on the Rancho.

No candles tall, no 'broidered stole,
No surpliced choir nor organ's tone—
But one broad greening sea of grass
O'er which soft Southern breezes pass,
And, gazing where far prairies roll,
A waiting horseman—grim, alone!

The blush that tints the eastern sky
Tells of a waking vernal light;
Its Easter gleam bathes all the scene:
The watcher grim, the prairie green,
The feeding herds that glorify
The passing of the winter's blight.

Then, as the dawn breaks full and fair,
Starred is the level-sodded way;
Arousing from their earthly beds,
The prairie-lilies lift their heads;
And shines abroad the beauty rare
Of Nature's wondrous Easter Day.

CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

Some Merry Old Easter Days.

PECULIAR CEREMONIES AND CUSTOMS IN FOREIGN LANDS THAT GAVE THE DAY A SPECIAL CHARM TO OLD AND YOUNG.

It might puzzle the American housewife to find a more appropriate name than that bestowed by our English grandmothers upon what they called the "pudding-pie," ingenious combination of crust, custard, and currants as it was.

It is equally certain that any one who limits his description of the popular old Easter custom of "going a-pudding-pieing" to the meagre fact that the young people went to the public houses to eat the above pies has done injustice to it.

A truly jocund day, altogether, it was. A day of

"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles."

Not alone for the lads and lassies in whose behalf it seems to have been invented, but for the beaming inn-keepers whose small taverns fringed the roads to Canterbury. From the insouciant of the first early couple of sweethearts to the rumbling departure of the last heavily-laden coach that carried the weary merry-makers back from Canterbury, those humble inns might have furnished to the close observer a world of life and incident. Under the relaxing effects of the cherry beer, which usually accompanied these pudding-pies, much of the hidden side of both must have been revealed—a little of pathos and much of unconscious joy in the mere livableness of life when one is young.

Best of all, we like to think of the walking along English hedge-rows, of the sights and scents and sounds that go to the making up of an early English spring in the country. All this, indeed, with the jolly meeting of additional comrades likewise going a-pudding-pieing, and the whole blithe progress toward Canterbury (a common terminus) must have made up a programme of delights too simple not to have held the germs of much that is sweet and good. In deference to the fears of some calculating reader, of dyspeptic memories, it might be well to say that these pudding-pies were small—not larger than a teacup or a tiny tea-saucer, and quite flat at that.

Warwickshire, England, is peculiarly fertile in these simple old customs, some of which, like the above, have well-nigh escaped notice outside of that country. In Coleshill, Warwickshire, it was the prerogative of the young men of the parish to catch and bring to their parson, before ten o'clock on Easter Monday, a hare. These conditions fulfilled, he was bound to give them in return a calf's head, a groat, and one hundred eggs. This rather uneven exchange of favors seems a little hard on the parson; yet history records no instance of a rebellion. It may be, however, that the task of catching a hare in England is proportionately greater than the same task would be in our own country.

Another very pretty ceremony called "clipping the church," it was the privilege of the juvenile element of the charity schools to carry out. This custom attracted crowds of older people as well. At a certain hour, early in the morning, the first children would arrive to make the beginning. This they did by standing, hands joined, backs against the church. In a few moments others would come to lengthen the line. Each new-coming child made himself a link in the pretty living chain, until the arrival of the last one, who, joining hands with the first, now made the chain complete. Then was there shouting and congratulation. This was the moment of climax. The chain then dissolved and the whole assembly walked in procession to another church to repeat the ceremony.

We cannot imagine an Easter-observing country wherein the Easter egg does not figure conspicuously. In some parts of England eggs laid on Good Friday are held to possess peculiar virtues. One of them is the power of extinguishing fire when thrown in backwards. In Westfallen, eggs laid on Maundy Thursday give cocks whose delightful birthright it is to change color every year. Now, the ordinary vanity of the ordinary fowl is bad enough, as we know. How much infinitely worse must be that of the Easter cock! From that evil we Americans have been mercifully preserved.

An especially absurd commemoration of the Resurrection idea of Easter was the well-known custom of the "three lifts." It is too well known to need more than mention. Parties of eight or twelve were formed, which parties made it their especial duty to lift three times any one they chose to so honor. Sometimes the victim was even carried several yards along the street. In return, he was obliged to pay a contribution to his persecutors.

Much prettier, though more fanciful, was the custom of our English, and Irish neighbors, as well, to rise just before sun-up on Easter morning and go to some body of clear or spring water to watch "the lamb-playing." This "lamb-playing" or "dancing of the sun" was nothing but the dancing broken reflection of the sun in the water. Naturally, it may be seen anywhere and on any clear morning. Yet it was supposed on that particular day to be an earnest of what was really going on in the sky itself—probably regarded as Nature's manifestation of joy at the Resurrection of the Saviour, the Lamb of God. Crude as this superstition seems to us, many of the higher classes, even, believed in it as religiously as the veriest peasant at the water-side.

Most picturesque in its appeals to the imagination and sympathy, is Easter Day among the Tyrolese. These people in their isolated mountain lives have struck one of the deepest chords in a high and simple life. They love music with a love that is passion. It is their sesame to the whole realm of aesthetic delight. Aside from the healthful influences of a natural scenery which is tonic in itself, perhaps no other factor has so operated to save them from tendency to morbidity in a life so cut off from easy intercourse with the world at large. On Easter Day they are at their best. Bands of the famous musicians of which their mountain sides are full traverse the valleys, singing the beautiful Easter hymns to the music of their guitars. It is an invitation the hamlet-dwellers love. And out they come, one and all, to swell the choruses. The still mountain air rings with the music, adding to its natural beauty an ethereal quality of sweetness and strength such as only mountain air can bestow.

The quaintness of the scene is emphasized by the great

broad-brimmed Spanish hats, decorated with nosegays, in true troubadour style. Up the valleys and down the mountains they go, all day long. And never a hamlet is too small to stop them or too prosperous to give them generous welcome. It is a simple-faring people; and these are simple songs they sing. These musicians are usually accompanied by children, who, as night comes on, light torches of pine-wood and bear them aloft.

Then is the tableau striking beyond description. A shift of grotesque shadows is in league with the whole effect. It dances over the faces of both men and children, with the flaring of the torch-flames. It scouts around and over, and even into, the little wooden huts in front of which the singers stand. It adds a sparkle to the eyes of the children and a ruggedness to the features of the men. The whole thing is a model of impressionism. Withal, the theme of the carols, the mood of both singers and listeners, combine to enhance it with just the right flavor of unworldliness, so that one can look back upon it always with the feeling that for one day, and for that time at least, he has been with a people to whom the other world is as real a thing as the mountains they love.

EDITH LOUISE DE LONG.

Our First Naval Trophies.

THE TWO SPUNKY LITTLE SPANISH GUN-BOATS, THE "SANDOVAL" AND THE "ALVARADO," CAPTURED IN GUANTANAMO BAY, NOW FLY THE AMERICAN FLAG.

The first vessels of our late enemy's navy to be actually added to our own will be the two little gun-boats captured in Guantanamo Bay and at Santiago when that city surrendered. They are the *Alvarado* and *Sandoval*, and their history, both during the war and subsequent to the close of hostilities, is full of interest.

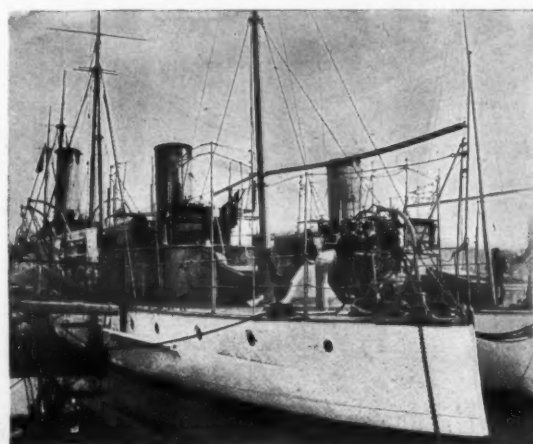
They are tiny craft, and when, after an exciting battle with the elements, they finally lay snugly ensconced in a slip at the



THE AMERICAN COLORS ON THE EX-SPANISH GUN-BOATS "ALVARADO" AND "SANDOVAL."

Norfolk Navy Yard they could scarcely be seen by a passer-by. But the vessels are trim and speedy, and although they were frequently mistaken during their stay at Norfolk for two of our own converted-yacht gun-boats of the smaller types used during the war, they were the terror of such craft while the blockade was in progress. It is recalled by an officer of the auxiliary cruiser *Badger*, just arrived, that a steam launch from that vessel, armed with a Gatling and a one-pounder, ran in and attempted to cut the *Alvarado* out as she lay at anchor at night.

The plucky little Spaniard, however, was wide awake, and opened on the launch at short range, compelling her to retire. The *Alvarado's* sister-ship, the *Sandoval*, is every bit as interesting. She gave battle to the American fleet in Guantanamo Bay until her commander saw the futility of further resistance. Her defense was as plucky, alone and unsupported though she was, as was the fight put up by the *Alvarado* under the guns of the Morro of Santiago. She fought until she could not check the aggressive advance of the small American gunboat that was badgering her, and then she ran away, but her engines were no match for those of the fine American yacht, whose one-pounder shells were chasing the flying Spaniard. It was then that her captain was guilty of the same perfidy that



BOW VIEW OF THE "ALVARADO" AND "SANDOVAL."

characterized the surrender of Cervera's fleet a few days previously. He dismantled his ship, disabled her guns, breaking the breech-blocks off and casting them into the sea, and then, seeing that escape from the pursuing Americans was impossible, he opened the *Sandoval's* sea-cocks and allowed her to sink.

The Spaniard afterward attempted to defend his conduct by stating to Admiral Sampson that his vessel was in a leaking condition when he went into the fight, and that he saw that he could not save her, and attempted, therefore, to run her ashore, but that before she could be beached the water poured in and

she went down. What reason he gave for breaking off the breech-blocks and rendering his guns useless to his captors is not stated. Naval officers say that ten years ago such an act of perfidy would have been punished by death.

The *Sandoval* was afterward raised by Lieutenant Edwin A. Anderson, the gallant North Carolinian, and a worthy successor to the lamented Bagley, who cut the cables at Cienfuegos while under fire in an open boat. He proved himself fully as good a wrecker as a cool-headed executive under fire, and the *Sandoval* was raised and fitted for the long and trying voyage to the Portsmouth (New Hampshire) Navy Yard, whither it was immediately determined to send both the captured gun-boats for remodeling.

The *Alvarado* was surrendered under the terms of the capitulation of Santiago, and she came near causing a rupture between General Shafter and Admiral Sampson, regarding her disposition. The incident is fresh in the public mind, and needs no explanatory reference. The navy won. "To the victor belong the spoils," said an officer to the writer, "and although we got a 'mighty' little craft, we had rather have a single stick of her than to have yielded her, in an unjust contention, to the army." In truth, the boats are little fellows, just 110 feet from stem to stern. One of the great boat-crane of the hallowed vessel whose destruction causes us to possess the *Alvarado* and *Sandoval* could have lifted either of them out of the water and swung them on the *Maine's* torpedo-boat davit. In fact, their rating is that of torpedo-boats, but when they are remodeled at Portsmouth their speed will likely be increased and their armament in rapid fire rifles made more formidable, when they will figure in the next blue-book as "torpedo-boat destroyers."

They are very seaworthy little craft, as was proved by their stormy experience in coming up the coast during the prevailing bad weather of their recent trip. They left Guantanamo Bay, where both were refitted, and arrived at Norfolk on the morning of December 24th.

This record is no reflection on their speed, however, for they had to put in frequently for shelter. Their five-foot draught and three-foot freeboard could not stand much of a sea, and in a heavy fog a big steamer would have run them down and scarcely known it. So whenever any of these conditions prevailed the trophy-ships were compelled to seek a safe haven where they could anchor until after the storm. Their most exciting experience occurred between Point Lookout, on the North Carolina coast, and Norfolk. The North Carolina sounds are so shallow that the little vessels had to pass Cape Hatteras on the dangerous "outside passage," as the rounding of Diamond Shoals, "the graveyard of American shipping," is called. Then came the fog. Three times the little fellows had to anchor, and they frequently lost sight of each other in the dense mist. They finally found Ocracoke Inlet, through which they passed into the safer waters of the sounds. Shortly after entering the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal, connecting Norfolk harbor and the Carolina sound system, they encountered a log-raft, and the pounding they received severely tested their stability and proved them well made, even for war-ships. They came through safely, however, and after a few minor repairs at the Norfolk yard, proceeded on their way to Portsmouth. They will touch at Annapolis en route, in order to give the cadets an opportunity to inspect the trophy-ships.

When the department determined to send the vessels north it was decided that as graceful recognition of their valiant services as could be bestowed upon two young officers who had rendered inestimable aid to the naval forces in the Cuban blockade and during the naval campaign preliminary to the destruction of Cervera's fleet, would be to place them in command of the first two vessels of the enemy's fleet to be added to our navy. The gun-boats left Guantanamo Bay simultaneously with the ill-fated *Infanta Maria Teresa*, which it was hoped would fly the American flag in some future naval engagement, but her foundering on Cat Island made the *Alvarado* and *Sandoval* the first two of the enemy's vessels to fly the American flag as ships-of-war. The honor of commanding them was, therefore, bestowed upon Lieutenant Edwin A. Anderson, whose great services have been heretofore mentioned in this article, and Lieutenant Victor Blue, who bears the honorable distinction of having been the first American naval officer to positively locate Cervera's fleet in Santiago harbor. Lieutenant Anderson commands the *Sandoval* and Lieutenant Blue the *Alvarado*.

ALLMAND MCKOY GRIGGS.

The World's Mightiest Monolith.

THE famous Apostle Islands, in northern Lake Superior, and the adjacent main land of the State of Wisconsin are formed almost entirely of solid brownstone, or red sandstone, which can be cut with saws as it lies in its natural bed, but hardens with exposure to the air. It is possible here to cut out a solid block of almost any size; and Mr. Frederick Prentice, the owner of the Prentice brownstone quarries at Houghton Point, near Ashland, Wisconsin, conceived the idea of carving and erecting the largest monolith in the world—an obelisk that should far overtop those of ancient Egypt. This was more than a dozen years ago, and when the work was begun Mr. Prentice's idea was to put it up on the promontory of Lake Superior, where it was quarried. Then it was suggested that the proper destination for the great stone would be the world's fair at Chicago. On the 18th of November, 1892, the last blow was struck that detached the monolith from the solid ledge. Quite a ceremony marked this event, and among the visitors were a party of Milwaukee bankers, who induced Mr. Prentice to give the stone to their city, where it should be set up as a world's fair memorial. The financial panic of 1893, however, intervened, and the Milwaukee project came to naught. Mr. Prentice, who is advanced in years, has about given up the idea of ever seeing his Cyclopean shaft raised from the quarry where it now lies, partially under water. The spot is only a few rods from the bay, and, once embarked upon the waters of Lake Superior, the monolith might be transported, via Sault Ste. Marie, as far as New York without unloading.

The monolith, as it lies in the quarry, is 115 feet long, by about fifteen square, and probably weighs over 100 tons. The owner leaves it exposed and unguarded, undisturbed by the fear that any one will carry it off.



AN EVERY-DAY SCENE IN
THE OSTENTATIOUS FUNERALS OF THE WEALTHY SHOW IN STRIKING CONTRAST WITH



SCENE IN HAVANA.

ING CONTRAST WITH THE HASTY BURIALS OF THE POOR.—[SEE PAGE 269.]

Gay and Thoughtless Havana.

WHILE THE POOR ARE STARVING, THE RICH WASTE WEALTH IN CARNIVAL'S FOLLY—A PEOPLE GIVEN UP TO THE THEATRES AND BALL-ROOMS—CURIOUS CUSTOMS—GENEROUS HOSPITALITY TO AMERICANS.

HAVANA, March 10th, 1899.—While the poor are dying of starvation a carnival goes on, and every Sunday the maskers throw enough flour at each other to feed the poor for days. The carnival lasts a couple of weeks, but only on Sunday is it in full swing, and maskers on foot and in carriages crowd the principal promenade. Were it controlled to a degree of decency it would be a pretty affair, but, not content with throwing flowers and confetti, the people make little balls of flour and limestone ground to powder, and pelt every one who crosses their path. Those who throw the stuff come prepared, covered with a domino or cloak, to keep themselves clean; for to be struck with one of these missiles means ruin to any clothes. Those who throw flour ride about in open carriages at a fast gait and pelt whomever they can, particularly well-dressed persons who are not masked or participating in the festivities. Horsemen ride at breakneck speed, and carriages at a run, totally unmindful of the danger incurred. One party of about ten had one of the city fire patrols out to use as a conveyance. They were all masked and covered with dominoes, and were throwing at every one who came in range. From the balconies and from the streets they were pelted in return, and late in the afternoon those in the balconies brought out buckets of water to throw on the maskers and others already covered with flour.

The result can be imagined, and the pleasure of utterly ruining some one's clothes seemed to please many. To escape the return fire of balls of flour and of the water, the carriages drive at a terrific pace, causing many accidents. The fire patrol raced up and down the driveway, striking several carriages and running over a small boy, who was carried off apparently lifeless; but they did not even slacken their speed, and finally, when the driver was arrested for reckless driving and held while the accident could be investigated, it turned out that the maskers in the patrol who caused the trouble included the chief of police, Cuban General Mendocal, Cuban General Sanguily, and others of local prominence, who should be the ones to prevent, rather than create, disturbances. When they were cited to appear as witnesses they were intensely indignant that they should be called to account, and declared that they were Cuban officers and should be allowed to do as they wished. It was this same Cuban General Sanguily that raised a disturbance a short time ago because the guard at the door of a theatre would not salute him. It was this same man who, a few months ago, swore he was an American citizen so that the American government would get him out of prison. Now he wears a Cuban uniform, not the faded one that the followers of Gomez wear, but a bright new tinselled uniform, such as the "after-the-fighting-is-over" generals wear. The cafés are full of these gaudily dressed officials, who have the contempt of all, Cubans and Americans alike, as they have deserted their camps and commands, if they ever had any, for the luxury of the city. It will be this class that will cause the trouble when the Cuban people finally come to govern themselves, for they have no love of country, no respect for anything but money.

Except for the Sunday street masking and throwing of flour, etc., the carnival consists principally of balls. Every night there are club balls, private balls, and public balls, and during the carnival they are all mask affairs and many of them very pretty gatherings. At the various theatres balls are held, all of the play-houses having floors that can be raised to a level with the stage. When the seats are cleared away there is a splendid space given to the dancers.

The Cuban dance is a peculiar one when viewed through American eyes, for it is so totally different from any of our dances. There is only the one step and that one is a sort of mixture of Indian, Turkish, and Chinese. The couple rarely use more than three or four square feet of space, and dance continually, with little short intermissions of possibly fifteen seconds, during which they merely stand in their places and rest. Two orchestras play continuously, one taking up the music as the other ceases. The music is almost identical with some that I have heard at the dances of our Indian tribes in Arizona and New Mexico, except that there is the continual blare of a cornet. They use tom-toms, kettle-drums, and some weird gourd-like affair that they beat most vigorously, emitting a sound quite as musical as a boy would make with a barrel-stave as he ran along a picket fence.

Havana is the same lively place day and night, and were it not for the order that has been issued compelling cafés to close their bars by one o'clock I do not think the crowd would go home at all. The theatres do not ring down the final curtain until twelve or half-past, and after that the crowds seek the places of refreshment. Unlike our theatres, the local play-houses sell tickets for each act, and usually the programme consists of three short plays of one or two acts, so that with each act an almost entirely different audience takes the seats. One sitting through the entire performance sees three distinct audiences, and each popular performer gets three different receptions of applause during the evening. After the act a bell is rung on the street or in the outer corridor to announce the starting of a new play, and immediately the new audience files in. In this manner many parties visit three or four theatres in one evening instead of seeing one company in three different plays. The music of the operas produced is of a high class and exceedingly well rendered, but the productions are very badly staged with old scenery and cheap costumes.

The Havana theatre audiences are, as a whole, about as pretty and bright as any I ever saw. The women are strikingly beautiful or painfully homely. The balconies and the lower circle of the theatres are all built into boxes, and on a gala night, when they are all filled, the house is a blaze of brilliant costumes and pretty effects of dress, both in men and women, such as it is only possible to obtain in a tropical capital.

The theatre and dancing are the only recreations that the women of Cuba indulge in, for they do not play tennis, golf, or anything of that sort. They do not ride or drive, there are no yachts, in fact there is no sport here whatever, but on the contrary the people lead an indolent, dreamy sort of an existence

that would kill an American from sheer lack of something to occupy his time; but as soon as night closes in the streets are alive with people, and the sound of dance-music is heard from every side. The best class of society give and attend balls on Sunday night as well as other nights.

The hospitality shown to Americans by the residents of Havana is remarkable, for all doors are thrown open to them, no matter what the feeling as to the future fate of the island may be. It is not only the Cuban element that extends this welcome to their homes, but the Spaniards, who still avow their love for the flag of their native country, receive the American officer and gentleman with the most hearty cordiality. They ask him to dine and to attend their balls, to their home and to their club, and one would never imagine that we had ever been at war with their people to see the hearty welcome thus extended. In fact, the Spanish people accept American occupancy of the island with better grace than the Cubans do, for the latter always show that underlying sentiment of distrust. The American army is doing in a few months a work that would take the Cubans years to accomplish, for the latter have not that energy that our forces display. Our officers are instructing their officials in government. Officers and men are cleansing the filthy city, building sewers, and creating law and order, and yet the impatience shown by the Cubans for the American forces to withdraw is as rude as it is uncalled for. They have so long been under the yoke that they cannot understand how any nation could do all this for them for humanity's sake and without expectation of reward.

Not only does the United States government expend money to benefit Cuba, but it places personal and financial hardships upon the American officer. Ordered to a tropical country, an entire change of uniform is required. The expenses of the officers are much greater, especially among those of the department of Havana. Their quarters have to be furnished, and they are compelled to buy new furniture when they all have plenty stored at the home posts. I have even known of officers being charged a high rate of duty on uniforms sent from the United States when it was impossible to buy even so much as a button in this place. Such treatment of men who serve their country borders on the outrageous, and a grateful Congress should pass an increase-pay bill for the service in the colonies. The rule applies as well to Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines as it does to Cuba. An increase of pay to officers and men would mean very little to the United States, but it would mean comfort and happiness to their faithful servants.

JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD.

The Meat-packing Industry.

ITS RISE AND PROGRESS IN THE UNITED STATES—HOW IT HAS GROWN TO ENORMOUS MAGNITUDE IN THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS—WHAT ITS DEVELOPMENT HAS DONE FOR THE CATTLE-RAISER AND THE MEAT-CONSUMING MASSES.

The packing and preservation of meat-food products as a business was carried on in a small way in the United States up to 1860, since which time it has assumed large proportions, making its great growth in company with the development of the central West and its railroads, receiving a great forward impetus by the perfection of the refrigerator-car and the artificial-ice machine. Grain-food products are comparatively stable and do not require special processes for preservation. Meat and its products, however, are unstable and will not keep unless one of several processes is adopted. There are four successful general methods for the preservation of meats in use to-day:

1. Shredding and drying in the sun or by artificial heat. Charqui or the jerked beef of South America being an example of this method. This is evidently the earliest and most primitive method of keeping flesh foods.
2. Preservation in salt or in pickling liquors, dry salt pork being an example of salt preservation—sugar-cured hams and corned beef of pickling.
3. Preservation by sterilization by thorough cooking and packing in hermetically sealed packages. This process was perfected by Appert in 1809, and is largely used in the preservation of vegetables and fruits as well as meat.
4. Refrigeration. Preservation of fresh meats by keeping in cold, dry air, which was first introduced in a commercial way about 1871—ice being used—followed in a few years by ice-machine refrigeration.

The building of the railroad systems, furnishing quick transportation for live-stock and rapid distribution of product, made conditions favorable for the establishment of broad live-stock markets at the larger railroad centres, where Eastern buyers could procure stock for shipment on the hoof to their abattoirs. At these primary markets were quickly established slaughtering-houses for the packing of staple pork products, the so-called offal being thrown away as of no value. This was the condition of affairs in 1866 in Chicago and Milwaukee, Buffalo and Cincinnati, then and for some years afterward the main hog-packing centres. But little was being done in a large way in the shipping of fresh-beef products any great distance, dried and corned beef being about the only articles from beeves sufficiently preserved to safely ship.

Late in 1860 men of economic tendencies began the manufacture of glues, oils, etc., from some of the waste, and early in the 'seventies the blood and other portions of live stock not used for food, glue, soap, or leather, were manufactured into fertilizer ingredients. These savings enabled the progressive slaughterers to not only pay more for their live stock, but to undersell their competitors who did not utilize the waste. During the early 'seventies the preservation of meats in tins was successfully introduced.

With the perfection of the refrigerator, so that fresh meats could be kept for a reasonable time, came the development of the refrigerator-car, enabling fresh meat to be transported from the ice-box of the West to the ice-box of the East in the ice-box car. A man with a sharp pencil soon figured it out that it was a saving of money to kill beeves in Chicago and ship the edible parts East rather than to ship the cattle alive to the East, with the large shrinkage, risk, and freight on the portions not good for food. A more complete utilization of the formerly wasted portions was then perfected. The world was the market of distribution. The product could be sold by energetic merchandising. The packers bought all the live stock shipped to these central markets, and asked for more. Live-stock growing was being rapidly put on a sound basis. Instead of having

to take his chances on finding a prompt market for his stock, and often having to wait a week or so at heavy expense and shrinkage before disposing of his herd, the live-stock grower found that he could market any grade of stock any business day of the year for cash and without delay.

The Mississippi Valley corn-fields were overflowing with corn, the prairies of the West were carpeted with nutritious grasses. It was a safe business venture to feed cattle in large numbers, for they could be sold—stability had been given to markets. In 1872, 202,919 cattle and 5,919,814 hogs were slaughtered at four packing centres. In 1898, 3,800,000 cattle and 23,200,000 hogs were packed. The value of the product in 1898 was estimated at \$450,000,000, employing directly nearly 100,000 laborers, and indirectly half as many more, in addition to the large number employed on the farms and ranges. One house in Chicago alone annually pays out \$5,000,000 in wages. Lines of refrigerator-cars are run, ice-houses and icing-stations are maintained. In an export way 850,295,000 pounds of bacon and hams, 100,357,000 pounds of pork, and 709,344,000 pounds of lard were exported from the United States during the year ending July 1st, 1898.

This is one of the primary industries, starting from the farms and fields, and enriching and making prosperous the tillers of the soil, and enabling the man of the city, the laborer in the factory, the miner, the sailor, in fact the worker everywhere, to work to the best advantage. The cost of living has been reduced and equalized, for the best meats are now as cheap in the small food-producing, crowded, manufacturing East as in the more sparsely settled Western agricultural country.

The by-produce offshoot of the packing business is a very important branch of it. Expensive plants, officered by chemical experts and manned by thousands of skilled workmen, are saving and making useful millions of dollars' worth of products from materials that were formerly wasted or but little used, thus increasing very materially the value to the stockman of every animal slaughtered. Glues, gelatines, felts, soaps and washing powders, fertilizers, curled hair, glycerine, horn combs, pins, buttons, knife and tooth-brush handles, albumens, pepsin and other pharmaceutical products are among these products, in addition to leather, wools, bristles, oils, etc., all of which are largely manufactured by the great packers. Such plants can only be run in connection with large abattoirs; they are expensive, and the small slaughterers do not accumulate sufficient material to warrant their construction. The centralization of live-stock markets and of packing has proved of vast benefit, not only to the agriculturist, but to the laborer everywhere, and has added vastly to the prosperity of the country.

An Appreciative Subscriber.

WE are in constant receipt of kind and encouraging letters from our readers, all of which are greatly appreciated. A reader residing at Brockton, Massachusetts, for instance, says: "I took several illustrated weeklies at the opening of the war with Spain, on purpose to find, by merit, the best one for a standard. I found it in LESLIE'S WEEKLY, and dropped the others."

A. H. H."

Strange Cuban Burial Customs.

(Continued from page 269.)

silent wonderment as finally, with a wild flourish, the preaching sexton turned toward the fenced inclosure, declaring that within that field he had recently buried 47,000 people. Looking in my direction, and perhaps observing that I was an attentive listener, or else discovering a look of incredulity, he shouted:

"Yes, gentlemen; forty-seven thousand!" and again turning to the cemetery, pointing to each corner successively, he continued: "Ten thousand in that corner, ten thousand in that corner, ten thousand in that corner, and ten thousand in that corner." No one disputed him or took the trouble to ask where he had buried the other 7,000. Again facing his awe-inspired audience, he referred to the permit which ordered the burial of the deceased without a box, and bringing his huge paws together like a set of cymbals, he declared that he was compassionate, and he would allow the body buried, box and all. As he swung his arms around like a farmer's wife shoeing chickens, the party hastened away to deposit their dead friend in one of the open holes in the lot.

The shower was over as a man drove up in a covered carriage and handed out a very small coffin. As he got out of the carriage himself he handed the sexton his permit, who took it, and ogling it as he had done the other, exclaimed:

"Hay, Caramba! This is neither a hole nor a box."

I was at a loss to understand how the child contained in the coffin was going to be buried "without a hole," but the matter was soon settled by the owner of the coffin slipping a silver dollar into the sexton's hand. It then developed that the little one had died from small-pox, and the sexton, prying open the coffin, threw in a double-handful of lime. While the man proceeded back to town in his carriage, the sexton picked up the coffin under his arm and trudged off to the burial-place with it.

There were several open graves in the lot, and two bodies inclosed in coffins were put in a grave, but when there were no coffins at least three bodies could be packed in the same hole. The stench of the place was horrible. I noticed that one of the party of negroes, after they had finished burying their dead, slipped a cigar into the hand of the sexton; thus I judged that for the violation of the burial permit in one case he had received a dollar, while in the other case he got only a cigar. After seeing the funeral of a woman attended by a goodly concourse of peasants, and that of a Spanish soldier, dead from yellow fever and dumped into a hole without ceremony or a coffin either, I followed the sexton to a quiet corner, where I asked him to explain the difference in burying the dead with a coffin and without a coffin.

The negro seemed surprised at my ignorance, and then explained that the burial permits were issued at a charge of twenty cents to the poor, who were supposed to be buried without boxes, but when a box was specified the parish priest charged a fee of \$7.50. I thought if it were known that burials in boxes could be arranged with the sexton for anything from a cigar to a silver dollar, the priest would not receive many fees;

Strange Cuban Burial Customs.

OSTENTATIOUS DISPLAY AT THE FUNERALS OF THE RICH, WHILE THE POOR ARE BURIED IN HASTE AND WITHOUT COFFINS—BRIBING THE SEXTONS.

In Spain the God's Acre, or, as it is frequently called there, the holy field, consists of an inclosure of high walls, on the inner side of which are tiers of long, narrow niches of a size sufficient to admit an ordinary coffin. These niches are rented to the representatives of the deceased for a term of years. The body is placed in the niche, and its narrow opening sealed with a stone inscribed with the name of the occupant. The ground in the inclosure is reserved for the use of wealthy families who may desire to erect a family monument, and also for the poor who are unable to rent a niche. Not only are the niches opened upon the expiration of the term of rental, but the graves of the poorer people are dug up as fast as the land is required for a new grave.

In the Spanish-American colonies, only in the capital cities, where ample means afford, do the cemetery walls appear provided with niches. The cemeteries, however, most invariably consist of the high-walled inclosures with arched gate-ways secured with iron gates. In different Spanish countries I have found the burial customs differing widely, although evidently of the same origin. For example, in Guatemala the burial of a child is attended with gay music and dancing, it being the popular belief that in the death of the child without sin a new-born angel has ascended to heaven.

In Cuba the walled inclosures marking the burial-places are scattered throughout the island wherever there has ever been a town or settlement of consequence. The old Havana cemetery is almost in the heart of what is now the city, but it dares to peer through its iron-barred, chain-bound gates, he sees the yawning, unoccupied tombs checked in the walls with others still sealed with their neglected lapidaries. In one of these niches the body of the Spanish editor Castanon was placed, it having been brought from Key West, where he was assassinated by Cubans, one of whom had challenged him from Havana to fight a duel. Subsequently, on the report that a number of boy students had desecrated the tomb, they were arrested, and while undergoing trial their execution was demanded by the Havana volunteers, and eight of them were taken out and publicly shot.

In cities like Havana and Santiago the funeral of a person of wealth or high station in life is a marvel of ostentatious display. The hearse is an enormous affair, surmounted with great black urns and waving plumes. On the top sits the driver in knee-breeches and cocked-hat, with bright red coat trimmed with shining gold lace. The horses are completely covered with black cloth, with holes for their eyes, also trimmed with gold. The procession is led by two men dressed like the driver, in red and black and gold. Behind the hearse march the mourners. These appear to be the most dried-up, ily-fed, miserable-looking specimens of sorrowing manhood which the country affords. Whether they are kept upon a special diet or not I have never learned, but they are always on hand at the undertaker's shop, waiting to carry on their vocation. They wear tall hats, generally showing signs of having been brushed the wrong way, and their coats are of the frock pattern, intended to be black, but more often faded to a snuff color from long service in the business. Carriages follow the mourners, and the entire procession moves through the city at a snail's pace, set by the gorgeous-looking postillions in the red coats and cocked hats.

But if pomp and ceremony characterize the funerals of the better classes, it is just the contrary with those of the masses. On one occasion I remember following a strange rabble of negroes to the Colon Cemetery, a short distance from Havana. Six of them were perspiring



BEARING THE BODY OF A POOR CUBAN TO THE GRAVEYARD.

under a heavy coffin which they bore upon their shoulders. Behind them came a shambling multitude of blacks and half-breeds, and not desiring to identify myself with the procession, I lagged behind. I saw them enter the cemetery gates and disappear, and after I entered it was some time before I came upon them at the far end of the hallowed grounds. They were swinging the coffin over the open grave and singing in a wild sort of chant. Upon seeing me they dropped the coffin into the hole and hurried away. Upon inquiring, I was told that these people were Nanigos, or members of a secret order inclined to commit all sorts of abominable murders in connection with mysterious fetich rites brought from Africa and Hayti.

In the city of Sancti Spiritus I was the guest of a Cuban family of means, when the usual quiet of the household was disturbed by the announcement that the cook, an old family slave, had suddenly died. The mistress was very much shocked at this sudden death, and insisted that the faithful old servant be buried with a coffin, or "box," as it is there termed, which appeared to be contrary to the usual custom of burying negro domestics. It was a busy day in making preparations for the burial, and after the coffin-maker, the *escribiente*, and the priest had all been bargained with and paid, imagine my surprise to find my host making arrangements with another party to accompany the funeral, to see that the coffin was not stolen.

The terrible consequences of the Cuban insurrection brought about such a mortality in the western part of the island that the cemeteries no longer sufficed for the interment of the dead, and additional or new cemeteries were established in many places. I visited one of these, near Pinar del Rio city, where I was very much interested and amused with what I saw. The ground was an inclosure of perhaps two acres, fenced with barbed wire. About half of it was dug up, presenting corrugations of broken earth, stones, and sod, beneath which, less than two feet, lay the recently-buried dead. On the outside, a little beyond the entrance, was a small wooden house with only one room and the usual open corridor—the abode of the sexton. It was raining, and I sought shelter in the corridor of this little house. Behind me came a burial party of negroes who, depositing their burden in the rain at the entrance to the cemetery, also sought shelter under the sexton's roof.

The sexton, a slim, wiry negro, met the party as they crowded into the corridor, one of which handed him a little piece of paper which proved to be a burial permit. The sexton turned the paper sideways, holding it off at arm's length as he cocked his head to one side that his eyes might be at an angle with the reading on the paper. "It says 'without a box,'" he said, slowly, whereupon the entire party set up such a clattering of tongues that it was impossible to make out what was wanted, till one louder-mouthed than the rest made the sexton comprehend that they had paid for a box in which they proposed to have their dead friend buried. The sexton replied by throwing out his chest, pounding it like a bass-drum, and declaring that, next to the priest, in that little corner of the earth he was supreme, and, the priest being absent, he was king. This had the effect of inspiring his auditors with awe. He then proceeded to deliver a sermon, in which he dwelt upon the pestilence which had swept the country with death, declaring that it was a visitation of God in punishment for their many sins. The negroes listened with

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HOW THE BODY OF A CUBAN PEASANT IS THRUST INTO THE GROUND WITHOUT CEREMONY.



BURYING A SPANISH SOLDIER WITHOUT A COFFIN IN THE NEW CEMETERY NEAR THE CITY OF PINAR DEL RIO.



BONES OF BODIES DUG UP IN CRISTOBAL COLON CEMETERY, SHOWING WRECKS OF CASKETS AND HOPELESS CONFUSION OF THE SKELETON REMAINS.



THE LAST REHEAR

EASTER MUSIC IS BECOMING MORE OF A FEATURE OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE DAY IN ALL CITY CHURCHES, AND THE LAST R



ST REHEARSAL.

S, AND THE LAST REHEARSALS ON THE SATURDAY PRECEDING EASTER ARE EVENTS OF CONSIDERABLE SOCIAL INTEREST.

THE ASTOR BATTERY IN JAPAN.

HOW UNCLE SAM'S FIGHTERS ENJOYED THEIR BRIEF VISIT TO THE LAND OF THE GEISHA GIRL.



THE ASTOR BATTERY BOYS INVITING SOME OF THEIR JAPANESE FRIENDS TO HAVE A DRINK.



STARTING OUT TO SEE THE TOWN

DECEMBER 16th, the day the Astor Battery embarked for home, after the long stay in Manila, the official thermometer registered eighty-five in the shade, and every American soldier not on duty guarding outposts or herding the 13,000 Spanish prisoners, was loafing around in the welcome shade, dressed in *khaki*, or the lightest and loosest of cotton duck uniforms. When we reached Nagasaki, Japan, after a five days' run due north, we found zero weather, and the Japs swaddled in the thickest and warmest "komonas" obtainable. Not a man of us had an overcoat, and few of us any warm clothing, so our first move on landing on Japanese soil was to make a bee-line for a place where we might fit out for the long, cold trip across the northern Pacific.

When we scrambled to the wharf we were at once surrounded by a howling mob of *jinricksha* coolies, who wildly forced their services upon us, declaiming in horrible "pigeon-English" on their speed and the cheapness of their hire. The battery boys each selected a coolie, and bundling into the "rickshas," which are more like two-wheeled baby-carriages than anything else, started the willing and tireless little fellows on an impromptu race into the business portion of Nagasaki, which lies at some distance from the wharves.

Warm underclothing secured and hasty changes made, our fellows started out to explore the quaint and interesting Japanese seaport. The Japanese soldiers attracted our attention at first—short, stocky little fellows, looking very business-like in their neat uniforms of dark blue. Since the war with China, the Japs have been mightily "sot on themselves," and the soldiers, especially, seemed to resent the invasion of their city by the jolly crowd of Americans in Uncle Sam's uniform. We visited many of the famous tea-houses so common throughout Japan, and drank tea and other things with geisha girls of high and low degree. We visited the big public schools and saw young Japanese boys and girls struggling painfully with the English verb "to love"—for the English language is taught in many of the institutions of learning. The temples attracted us with their hideous heathen gods and wonderfully curious carvings and statuary. Some of the fellows were mixed up in a row with a crowd of native priests. The boys wanted an ugly-looking joss for a souvenir; but force of numbers prevailed over American pluck, and the fellows fled wildly from the sacred place.

Not a few of us took in the famous Nagasaki baths and learned, after it was too late, that to get a fresh bath one must be either the first or the eleventh to bathe in a public bath in Japan, for they change the water only after ten people have bathed. Many of the fellows strayed into the tattooing-booths and brought away indelible souvenirs in the shape of fierce-looking dragons or beautiful geisha maidens done in india-ink on their arms. When we returned to our ship, the *Senator*, we found the crew busy coaling, and it is an interesting and novel sight to see the Japanese load coal on a big steamer. The junks of coal are moored to the side of the ship, and long, wide bamboo ladders are placed up the side. Men, women, and children assist in the work, the younger and weaker filling baskets with coal and the older people passing it from hand to hand up over the ship's side and down into the bunkers. Sometimes a basket of coal passes through a hundred hands on its way from the barge to the coal-bunkers, and the skill with which these people toss along the heavy baskets is amazing. The coalers work in shifts, those not working at the time remaining on board the ship and sleeping all about the deck and engine-room, men, women, and children all together in the most unconventional manner imaginable.



JAPANESE MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN COALING THE TRANSPORT "SENATOR."

We remained in Nagasaki four days, and spent two more coasting slowly north through the wonderfully beautiful Inland Sea. This sea is an arm of the Pacific separating the islands of Japan, and in some places is so narrow that we could almost jump ashore as our steamer cautiously picked her way among the numerous islands. Passing Kobe, Tokio, and Mataboi, we at last rounded the famous headland of Basalong, and leaving the beautiful snow-crowned Fujiama behind, started east on our long journey across the Pacific.

W. C. ROBBINS,
Corporal Astor Battery.

but this was explained by the fact that the rich would not think of attempting a burial without making all necessary arrangements with the priest, and consequently it was perfectly legitimate for the poor to fix up with the sexton for the privilege of having their dead buried in boxes. T. R. DAWLEY, JR.

The Dramatic Season.

JAMES O'NEILL IN "THE MUSKETEERS"—SHAKESPEAREAN REVIVAL AT THE HERALD SQUARE—MRS. FISKE.

"THE MUSKETEERS," with James O'Neill, at the Broadway Theatre, have treated New York to a genuine theatrical sensation. When the reports came, as they did with ever-increasing enthusiasm, of the elaborate production by Beerbohm Tree of Sydney Grundy's play, Americans were a bit incredulous. But now that "The Musketeers" have come and presented themselves to us in all their swashbuckling glory there is no longer room for doubt as to their enormous popularity. Such gorgeous pictures as are presented in this modern version by Grundy of Dumas's famous "Three Guardsmen" have never been seen before on the New York stage, while the acting of this perennially picturesque and ever-romantic subject is done at the Broadway with a dash and fervor unusual and delightful. Mr. O'Neill's absence from the cast during the first week of its New York run was unfortunate, but the enormous demand for seats at the Broadway was but little affected. Mr. O'Neill returned to the cast at the opening of the second week and will remain there. He has had a complete rest under the supervision of three of the best throat specialists, and his naturally fine voice is at last again under his control. Mr. S. Miller Kent (Mr. O'Neill's understudy) has given satisfaction during Mr. O'Neill's absence. The acting of Miss Blanche Bates in the great rôle of *Miladi* (with which Mrs. James Brown Potter scored the signal triumph of her career in London) has demonstrated that this lady is one of the ripening actresses of America. She is young and beautiful, and carries her great scenes with tremendous power. The cast throughout is one of the strongest that has been gathered in New York in the present generation. To those who love real life and living, vivid pictures of manly courage and maidenly beauty; to those who admire the sunny land of France in the most picturesque period of its history, and who appreciate the best dramatic art rendered by the finest actors, we commend the magnificent production of "The Musketeers" at the Broadway.

It is a healthy indication of an improving dramatic taste that an appreciation is beginning to manifest itself among theatre-goers in New York for something beside plays made up of a mixture of ballet, variety, and minstrel shows. The successful revival of the romantic drama, "The Musketeers," at two of New York's leading theatres is to be followed by a Shakespearean revival at the Herald Square. Every lover of the legitimate drama will be glad to have an opportunity to see the standard Shakespearean plays properly produced. One of the best-known actresses in New York, Miss Odette Tyler, who retired from the stage nearly two years ago, and her talented husband, R. D. MacLean, and Mr. Charles B. Hanford, long associated with the greatest Shakespearean stars of this country, lend to this revival of the classic drama unusual interest, and will add not a little to its success. There are many evidences that the public has grown weary of the light and frivolous stuff which has been so plentiful during the past two or three years, and that there is a distinct return of a better appetite for the best that the stage has produced. The managers of the Herald Square are to be congratulated that they are among the first to recognize this welcome change.

Mrs. Fiske's reappearance at the Fifth Avenue Theatre has given the dramatic critics much to write about, but little to criticize. With characteristic independence she chose to give a new construction to parts of "Frou-Frou." The critics didn't like this, but none can deny that she gave spirit and strength to the well-known play and not a little of originality to her part, though the latter was not the best she has appeared in.

The phenomenal success of "Zaza" at the Garrick continues. It is the greatest theatrical attraction that New York has had in many years, and Mrs. Leslie Carter is a blazing star.

"In Gay Paree," at the Casino, is vile. It is enough to make the decent people in the audience rush for the fire-escapes, if there were enough of the latter.

The Windsor Hotel Fire.

SPECULATION REGARDING ITS ORIGIN—SOME OF THE LESSONS OF THE SICKENING DISASTER.

THERE have been worse hotel fires than that which destroyed the Windsor Hotel in New York on St. Patrick's Day, but there has been none within recent years which was so instantaneous in its work of destruction and at the same time so mysterious in its origin, and altogether so inexcusable. It has been known in New York ever since this hotel was finished that it was flimsy in construction and so arranged, as to plan, that a fire once started could never be checked. But even those who condemned its arrangement and its building did not believe that it could be destroyed in broad daylight as quickly as it was. It burned as a box of matches burns when one in the centre catches fire. There appears never to have been any chance, from the time of its first discovery until the roof caved in and the walls fell, when anything might have been done to check the raging conflagration.

It was just after three o'clock when the fire was discovered. It was fifteen minutes or so before a fire-alarm was turned in; it was twenty minutes before any engines arrived; in less than an hour some sixty people had been injured in trying to escape, and some fifty others—no one knew five days after the fire how long was the list of the dead—were killed. It was awful and it was instant. Those in the hotel and above the second floor, when they discovered that the house was on fire, were obliged to escape by the windows. There were no other ways. The halls were filled with fire and smoke, the stairs were ablaze. The poor people, caught like rats in a trap, were obliged either to jump from the windows or wait to be rescued. It was a trying time for all—for those within and for those without. The ladders that the firemen had at the beginning were too short to

reach to the upper stories, in the windows of which women and men waited in frantic suspense for the relief which seemed never to come. In an ordinary fire there is time for the brave firemen of New York to take the people out, no matter how high they may be above the ground, no matter how fierce may be the flames. But this was no ordinary fire. It was extraordinary in every aspect. The fire did not creep from place to place so that it might be fought in its advance, so that those within the house might retreat before it. It appeared to break out everywhere all at once and to burn as fiercely in one part of the building as another.

This was so singular that the theory has been advanced that incendiaries, intent on looting the burning building, had started the fire in several places at once. We shall probably never know how the fire started, but it is most improbable that it was the deliberate work of fire-fiends. It is convenient to place the blame for such a hideous calamity on the criminal classes, but it is most unlikely that in this instance it will rest there. It will be placed ultimately, by public opinion, on the owner of the flimsy structure, on the philanthropic millionaire who rented this fire-trap out as a fit place in which to lodge unsuspecting guests. He obeyed the laws, we are told; he did what the building department and the fire department required that he should do. But he maintained a death-trap all the same; he drew a princely revenue from a flimsy structure, which burned up as quickly as a haystack would burn in an open field when a high wind was blowing.

This awful fire proved over again what everybody in New York has long known; it proved that the men of the fire department are to be depended upon to do all that is humanly possible in every emergency. It makes no difference how hazardous the attempt, they never hesitate to try to do their duty, whether in saving life or in checking the spread of a conflagration. In this fire they saved scores of lives and they confined the fire to the house in which it started. I have an idea that we do not always give these men as much credit as they deserve for their courage and their brave adherence to duty. A soldier in battle is fighting a human enemy; he is inspired by patriotism and by the manly love of fighting for its own sake. But it is very different with the fireman. He is not fighting at all—his mission is to save. He braves death, however, in a hideous form; he braves it with as gallant a disregard of danger as any soldier who ever followed his captain in a charge. And in this fire these men worked with most conspicuous gallantry. They did not save the hotel—that was quite impossible; they did not save all the inmates—that, too, was impossible, for the roof fell in almost as soon as the firemen got to work; but they saved scores of lives and millions of property, and to-day they are as genuine heroes as we ever sent out with banners and drums to risk their lives on the "foughten field."

There are other hotels in New York almost, if not quite, as inflammable as the Windsor. They are well known, however, and those who stay in them after this dreadful warning will be taking the risk with their eyes wide open. They are considering at Albany amendments to the laws by which a recurrence of such a disaster will be rendered improbable, if not impossible. But there is a quicker way than this slow legal process of reform. No one is obliged to stay in a hotel that is not reasonably safe from fire. Let the people, or any great number of them, leave these hotels. When they become unprofitable they will cease to exist. Not only is there no obligation to stay in an unsafe hotel, but there is no sense in doing so. There are lots of hotels in town that are reasonably safe; there are some that are absolutely safe. Why not go to these? It has long been the complaint among the hotel men in New York that the hotel capacity was overdone. Here is an opportunity to adjust matters. Suppose the guests abandon the unsafe places and go to those that are fire-proof, or nearly so. Then supply and demand will be brought closer together. Then the fire-traps will be torn down and the danger of such another horrible catastrophe as that of the Windsor Hotel will be reduced to a minimum.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

Notes for Investors.

THE condition which I predicted weeks ago at the culmination of the boom confronts us at this writing. The market is stagnant, the bulls are afraid to buy, and the bears are afraid to sell. Both are watching the money market and scrutinizing events bearing upon financial and commercial conditions, and it does not escape their scrutiny that the balance of trade in our favor begins to show a decrease. This may have a great deal to do with the money market before we get through with the year, for much of the recent boom was predicated on the plethora of money and the inflow of gold from abroad to pay for our excess of exports.

The money market will bear watching. A great many large operators connected with banking and fiduciary institutions have sold their stocks and are watching for a chance to buy them back at a decline. They know they can do this best in a tight money market, and the moment an opportunity comes to raise the rate of interest they will avail themselves of it, depress the stock-market, buy what they want on a decline, and be prepared for the inevitable advance which will follow. The fact that we must face a deficit in the Federal Treasury, and that the next Congress must take up this very serious matter from the practical standpoint and solve the situation by increasing our taxes, issuing additional obligations of the government, or by making a material reduction in public expenditures, has not escaped the observation of heavy operators, who discern financial breakers from afar. The best advice that can be given is for those who are out of the market to buy on reactions, and those who are in to hold their stocks for a profit.

"J. B. C.," Pittsburg, and "C. A. S.," Troop C: Will investigate and reply later.

"P. P.," Omaha, Nebraska: I would sell my Northern Pacific common if I had such a profit.

"Cassiar," Baltimore: Would have nothing to do with the concern you mention. Their offer is preposterous.

"Reader," Quebec: Copper stocks seem abnormally high and most of them risky at prevailing prices.

"S. R.," Santa Fé, New Mexico: I think well of Missouri and Kansas preferred. It should not sell so much below Atchison preferred.

"C. F.," Boston: I would not sell the Wheeling and Lake Erie common at loss. Nor would I hold it for too great a profit. Little is doing in the stock at this writing.

"F. E. H.," Newark, New Jersey: This is a private enterprise

with no quotations and no dealings in its stock on Wall Street. Communicate with some banker at Winfred.

"K.," Burlington, Vermont: I do not recommend the company from what information I can obtain. It seems to have had considerable dispute with those who have had dealings with it.

"A. L.," Brooklyn, New York: The association you speak of has an office 6 x 10 in dimensions, a desk and three chairs, no name on the door nor on the directory of the building. Would have nothing to do with it.

"A. N. O.," Newark: The stock does not pay dividends, but you should not sell at a loss, as it is active and its friends insist that it will go considerably higher. Do not wait for the last cent or you may not get anything.

"W. G.," New Haven, Connecticut: Keep your Union Pacific preferred, and be patient. (2) Rubber common is an excellent speculation. (3) Brooklyn Rapid Transit has not paid a dividend, but recent plans for its development mean a great deal for its future. (4) People's Gas, of Chicago, is earning more than six per cent. Long since, 120 was predicted for the stock.

"A. B. C.," Brooklyn: The list of stocks you give is about the "rockiest" on the list. The first one mentioned will probably be heavily assessed. Some of the others have been, and the rest may be before we get through. As a gamble, Erie or Wabash common would have the preference. Nobody on the outside can tell what may happen to Bay State Gas while it is in the hands of manipulators.

"E. R.," San Antonio: I would not advise you to go into this market with only \$500. (2) I doubt if you can purchase such a bond at a bank, but you might inquire at one of your local institutions. (3) It is difficult to advise a man who has so little money, because he can scarcely afford to take a risk, and the less the risk the higher the price of the stock. Most of the dividend-payers are now so high that they will return you a less rate of interest than money should bring in Texas on good security.

"K. B.," Burlington, Vermont: The trifling increase in the rate of dividend on United States Oil, coming almost concurrently with the doubling of the capital stock, looks as if somebody was trying to float the shares. If the institution is financed with care it may prove to be a desirable investment. But small oil companies are generally venture-some risks. (2) Consolidated Gas anywhere around 200 is an excellent investment. So is United Gas Improvement Company's stock, of Philadelphia, between 140 and 150.

"E. J. D.," Jersey City, New Jersey: I would advise you to keep your money on deposit where it will be certain to give you a good rate of interest. If you had sought an investment a year ago you would have been wise. A gilt-edged investment at prevailing prices would net you more than you are now receiving. (2) C. C. and St. L. has had a very stiff rise. The common stock sold a year ago at less than thirty, and has of late been booming up toward sixty. I would prefer the San Francisco and St. Louis second preferred at thirty-eight. It is difficult to name low-priced dividend-paying stocks that are absolutely gilt-edged. If you will keep your money handy I have no doubt that you will be able to buy something at a bargain before summer.

"A. F.," New York: Recent occurrences in relation to Bay State Gas by which it has been dropped from the Stock Exchange list, indicates that this is a dangerous thing to fool with. Long ago I said it was purely a gamble. It is so still. The gas manipulators may have something up their sleeve which will be advantageous to Bay State, but they alone know their purposes. (2) A customer can leave his stock in a broker's possession if he likes, or take it away whenever he pleases if it is fully paid for. (3) A twenty-per-cent. margin is little enough at any time. (4) Any of the cheap railway stocks and North American at prevailing prices have fair speculative merit. (5) The New York Stock Exchange shut out Bay State Gas because that company was without a local transfer agent in New York, the Farmers Loan and Trust Company having severed its relations with the concern. The Boston Stock Exchange has also dropped it from its unlisted department. The president of the Bay State Gas Company says he preferred to have the common stock sold on the curb rather than by the exchanges. The capital stock of Bay State Gas of Delaware is \$100,000,000, and little is known about the security. (6) I would not sacrifice my stock. Await developments.

"Banker," Indianapolis, Indiana: I do not agree altogether with your views. The condition of business generally is prosperous. This is revealed by the general advance in the rates of wages paid in the iron and in other industries, and also by the fact that in many lines of manufactures the demand for goods equals, and in some instances exceeds, the supply. I believe we are to have a prosperous year, and such a smash in the stock market as you expect is altogether unlikely to occur before the close of the year. You perhaps have observed that Dun & Co. report that the business of the country during the past month was far the greatest ever known in February, and that there has been no other week in which the reports from all parts of the country have been on the whole so good as they were during the last week reported. As a banker, you should realize the significance of such conditions. You are right, in a sense, in regarding with apprehension the enormous increase in trusts. It is true that more than \$1,000,000,000 of industrial stocks and bonds have been created thus far this year, and that an effort, no doubt, will be made to sell many of these securities. This looks like a very large amount of money, but when you realize that the sales on the Stock Exchange during the boom were sometimes over 1,000,000 shares per day, you can get an idea of the enormous appetite of the investing public. I agree with you that there will be a collapse of the industrials some day, but it will be the survival of the fittest, as it always has been, and therefore I constantly advise my readers to exercise the greatest discrimination in making investments in industrial securities. JASPER.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

THE State commissioner of insurance of Pennsylvania, in his recent report to the Governor, coincides with other leading insurance commissioners of the country, in asking for a stricter regulation of the organization and conduct of assessment associations. He makes the interesting statement that "it is no longer regarded as practicable to continue an assessment company on the basis contemplated by our laws, that of making assessments upon surviving members, to pay death losses." And he adds: "The assumed security of these companies is in their power to make assessments, and although it is ordinarily represented to the insured at the time his risk is solicited that no assessments will be made, it is inevitable under the low rate of premium usually taken, that sooner or later there must be assessments, and that means, in the case of a large percentage of policy-holders, inability to pay an amount in addition to that already collected by the company, and the loss of their insurance. As the policies of these companies have no fixed value, the loss is a total one when the member drops out." This is precisely what I have repeatedly said in this column, and if any of my readers are carrying policies in assessment associations, they have either, by their own experience, justified my criticism, or will, in due season, realize that I have told the simple truth.

"H.," Bismarck, North Dakota: The surrender value, as computed, is a fair one, but I do not like the company, and doubt if eventually it will satisfy you. Are you sure that your policy absolutely prohibits an increase of your premiums? You should read it very carefully.

"L.," Haverhill, Massachusetts: Evidently you have been seeking cheap insurance, and that is where you have made a mistake. (2) As to which companies to drop, that depends upon how you are insured, and what kind of a policy you hold. I think you have named them in the order of their merit.

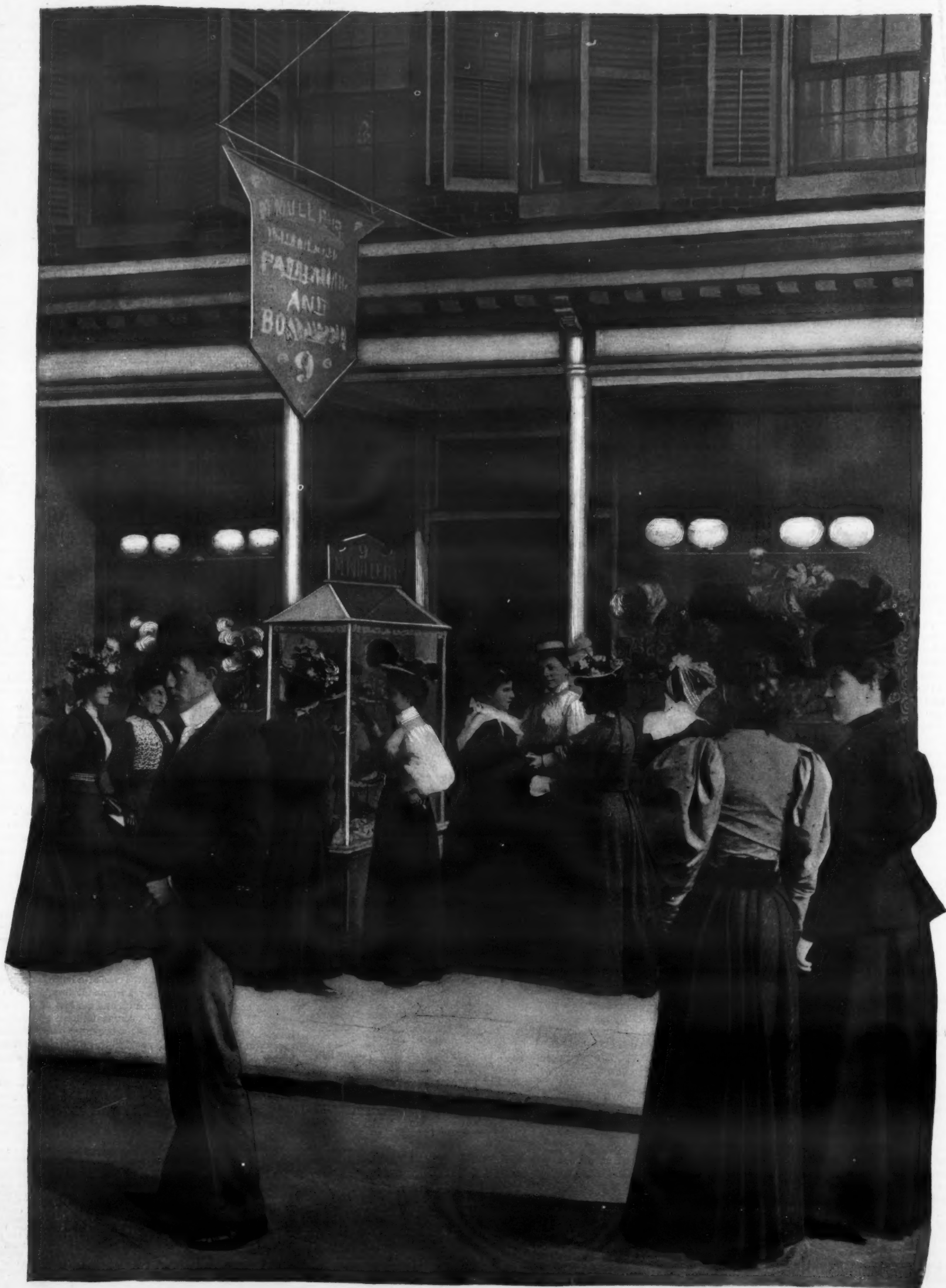
"Special," Louisiana: In the annual report of the superintendent of insurance of New York, for 1897, the Fidelity Mutual Life Association of Philadelphia is enumerated among the co-operative insurance associations. Its report for 1897 has an item of "balance to protect contracts" of \$1,179,000. I presume this is what it calls its reserve. Its annual report mentions its increase from assessments.

Information, Jersey City, New Jersey: The "estimated bonus" is not a fixed or guaranteed amount. Usually it disappoints the policyholder, and I would not consider it as anything to be depended upon. With the declining rate of interest no one can estimate with any degree of accuracy the results, twenty years hence, on investments now being made. Take no agents' guarantee. The company is alone responsible through its accredited officers.

The Hermit.

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A MISFORTUNE.

MAMMA had promised to take Dorothy riding, but circumstances at the last moment compelled her to change her plans.

"Oh, mamma," said the disappointed little maiden, "I wish you weren't so freckle-minded!"—Judge.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

'TWERE fine to live in Adam's day,
When everything could please;
Then Easter brought no bills to pay,
For bonnets grew on trees.—Judge.

At the Feminine Club.

AFTER diverse questions, which were hastily disposed of, the following proposition, offered by the Queen of Elegance, the beautiful Madame V—, was voted upon and unanimously carried by all members present: "In future no lady can be admitted to our club unless she exclusively uses the *Funkia du Japon* of Oriza-LeGrand, to be had of all perfumers and druggists, this perfume being recognized as the most subtle and possessing the greatest amount of fragrance."

ASK for Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, when you go to druggist or grocer for a reliable tonic in the spring. Abbott's, the best for all seasons.

THE Sohmer Piano is an instrument that is an ornament to any parlor.

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Advice to Mothers: MRS. WINLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

A BOTTLE of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne with your dinner makes it complete. It pleases every one.

SUPERIOR to vaseline and cucumbers. Crème Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Druggists, perfumers, fancy goods stores.

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEEH. 25 cents a jar.

We have received from the American Waltham Watch Company a thirty-six page illustrated brochure which we intend to keep. It treats of the perfected American watch, and is as dainty and beautiful a product of the printer as has been seen in many days.

The illustrations are almost absolutely perfect and are most artistically arranged. It is bound in an embossed cover, the title appearing in silver letters upon an oxidized repoussé shield. The author has made a most entertaining book, and conclusively proves that Waltham watches have earned for Americans the title of watchmakers to the world.

It is full of bright phrases which have a decidedly practical bearing. We quote one: "How much is an overcoat that cost \$40 worth after five years' wear compared with a watch that cost the same?" Facing the title-page is a portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson and a quotation from his essay on "Eloquence," in which, referring to a man whom he describes as a "Godsend to his town," he says: "He is put together like a Waltham Watch."

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THE fourth of the present series of Pennsylvania Railroad three-day personally-conducted tours to Washington, D. C., will leave Tuesday, March 28th. The rate, \$14.50 from New York, \$11.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points, include all necessary expenses during the entire trip—transportation, hotel accommodations and Capitol guide fees. An experienced chaperon will also accompany the party.

For itineraries, tickets, and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 780 Broad Street, Newark, New Jersey; or address George W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

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four best books are *Lena Rivers*, *Tempest* and *Sunshine*, *Homestead* on the *Hillside*, and *The English Orphan*. We will send these four books by mail, postpaid, for 50 cents, or 15 cents for either of them. Stamps taken. Address J. S. OGDEN PUB. CO., 19 Rose St., New York.

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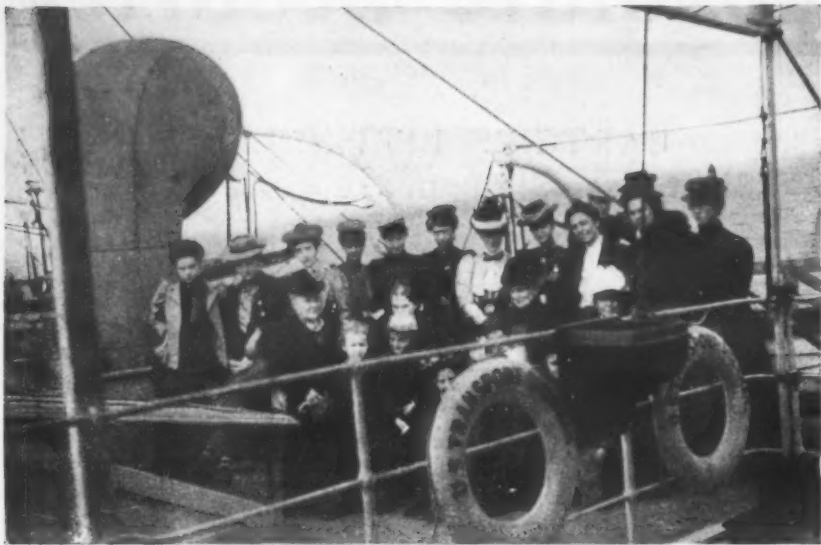
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THE WIVES AND CHILDREN OF THE OFFICERS.

Life on a Model Troop-ship.—No. 2.

SOME OF UNCLE SAM'S FIGHTERS—THE BRAVE AND EXPERIENCED SOLDIERS WHO HAVE JUST GONE TO MANILA TO HELP SUBDUCE THE INSURGENTS—SOMETHING ABOUT THE OLDEST REGIMENT IN THE UNITED STATES SERVICE.

ON BOARD UNITED STATES ARMY TRANSPORT "SHERMAN," IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, NEAR PORT SAID, February 22d, 1899. — The oldest regiment in the United States army service, and one of the most famous, is the Third Infantry, now en route on this transport for Manila, under command of Colonel John H. Page. In 1792, the regiment was first organized under its present designation, the material being drawn from former colonial troops which had fought for the independence, it being known, in the days of our first troubles with England, as "the Third Sub Legion." In 1812, and during the war that followed, the regiment served in the Department of the Gulf, with headquarters at New Orleans, and played a distinguished part in the battle of New Orleans. After the war, the regiment was sent from Fort Pitt, the present site of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to the Department of the Lakes and saw its first service against Indians, subsequent to the war, under General "Mad Anthony" Wayne, and against the Miami Indians. In 1815, during a reorganization of the regiment, a part of the old First Infantry was absorbed into the Third. During the service in the Department of the Lakes the regiment was stationed at several forts, including the famous Fort Dearborn. Before the 'thirties, the regiment changed stations, going to what was then known as Camp Miller, where the Third assisted in building the present post on that site, now known as Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis. The Third also served with distinction in the Seminole war.

During the Mexican War the Third Infantry reached the most brilliant period of its career. It was, beyond doubt, the best regiment in the army. It served first under the command of General Zachary Taylor, who was himself a graduate of the Third. At the battle of Monterey the loss of its officers and men was fifty per cent. Afterward, the Third, with all the other regular regiments present, was transferred to the command of General Scott, and shared in the siege of Vera Cruz. In the assault on the heights of Cerro Gordo the Third held the post of honor. It was the first American regiment to enter the City of Mexico. At that time the brigade commander presented the regiment with a drum-major's baton made from the captured flag-staff, and this relic is still treasured by the regiment. After the Mexican War the regiment was engaged in arduous service on the southwestern frontier. At the outbreak of the Civil War it was stationed in Texas. Six of the companies succeeded in escaping to friendly soil, but the other four were captured by the Confederates, and exchanged. These four companies joined in season for the entire regiment to serve in the Peninsular campaign, in the Fifth Army Corps. The regiment was present at the surrender of General Lee, and was also the first infantry regiment to pass by President Lincoln, in the memorable review held at Washington at the end of the war.

In the Cuban campaign, where the Third and the Twentieth Infantry composed Bates's original brigade, the regiment again performed wonderful service. Starting late on the night of the 30th of June, the brigade marched all the way from Siboney to the front, camping there over night, and taking part the next day in the assault on El Caney. That night, when officers and men were alike worn out, the Third marched to San Juan by a circuitous route, reaching the trenches around the beleaguered city before daylight, there to catch a brief nap before doing its share in the famous fighting of the 2d of July. Ever since its organization the Third has been famous as a marching regiment. During the Indian troubles of 1877 it was hurried to Corinne, Utah, then a railroad terminus, and then over the plains and mountains to Helena, Montana. It was in freezing weather, with an abundance of snow. Officers and men were in light wearing-apparel, and the women and children of the regiment were with them. It was so cold that men's hands froze while holding their rifles. For several days the regiment was snow-bound. In spite of all, the Third reached its Montana destination in surprisingly quick time. It is a famous regiment, of which all its officers are justly proud. Their portraits appear elsewhere in this issue.

The Seventeenth Infantry, of which a battalion under command of Captain D. H. Brush is also on board the *Sherman*, is a much younger regiment, its organization dating back only to the days of 1861, when it was formed at Fort Preble, Maine. General Heinzelman was its first colonel. Its service during the Civil War was with the Army of the Potomac, the regiment taking part in all the important battles. After the war it was sent to Texas, and then put in sixteen years in Dakota. In 1886 the regiment went to Fort Russell, Wyoming, and in 1894 was

stationed at Columbus Barracks. In Cuba it was a part of Chaffee's brigade, in Lawton's division of the Fifth Army Corps, and sustained fearful losses at El Caney. Captain Brush, in command of the battalion on the *Sherman*, acted as lieutenant-colonel of the regiment during the Cuban service, while Captain Kerr, of the same battalion, served as adjutant-general to General Chaffee.

The most charming group of all is that of the ladies aboard the *Sherman*. They are the wives and daughters of officers, and, collectively, are a splendid type of the "army girl." They are journeying to the Philippines with the men who are all-in-all to them. It is they who must keep the anxious night vigil in garrison while their men are away in trench and jungle, fighting for the flag. They are refined, delicately nurtured women, who will bear hardship and peril resolutely, but suffer none the less. They are happy in being permitted to be with those who are dearest to them.

H. IRVING HANCOCK.

Santiago's Growsome Cemetery.

A SPOT WHERE DEATH DOES NOT LEVEL ALL RANKS — THE BODIES OF THE POOR PILED UP AND BURNED, AND OF THE RICH CAREFULLY LAID AWAY IN NEGLECTED TOMBS.

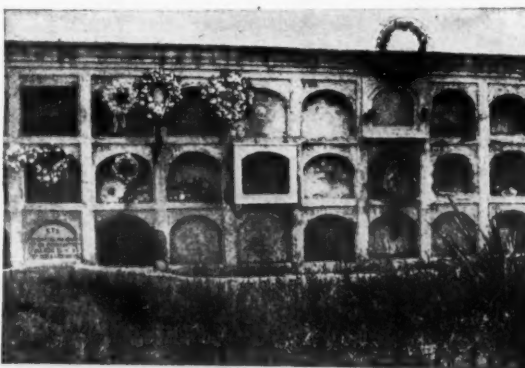
THERE is probably no more interesting spot on the southeastern end of the island of Cuba to the sight-seer than the cemetery at Santiago. Owing to the fact that the rules laid down by Major-General Shafter prohibited the officers and enlisted men of the United States Army from going into the city of Santiago after the formal surrender, except on absolutely necessary business, but few of the American soldiers had an opportunity to visit the various points of interest. Those who did so without permission were fully repaid for the risk they took in running through the picket lines. The cemetery, which is remarkable



PILE OF BODIES READY FOR BURNING.

for its quaintness and antiquity, is located about a mile from the city, across the head of Santiago Bay. It is reached by a miserable road. The first thing that strikes the eye as the cemetery is approached is the massive stone structure at the entrance. It was at one time extremely handsome. To-day it is crumbling away. The interior, which is thirty feet through, is divided into a large hallway with a room on each side. These rooms in their day were used for the reception of the bodies and of the funeral parties while the last resting-place for the dead was being made ready inside the cemetery.

From either side of this structure the cemetery wall starts.



BURIAL-VAULTS IN THE CEMETERY WALL.

It is built after the old Spanish style. As will be seen by the illustration, it is filled with small crypts or vaults, in which the bodies of the dead have been deposited, and the front has then been sealed up. In this wall, which is about 2,000 feet around and about twelve feet high, there are resting the remains of thousands of dead Spaniards and Cubans. The vaults are a study. Some are sealed over with what appears to be cement, and the sealing is finished very roughly. Others are finished in excellent taste. Instead of sealing the front plumb with the wall, the sealing is put back some six or eight inches and a handsome plate-glass door placed over the front. Between this

door and the sealing there is a handsome marble altar, in miniature, decorated with lights and hangings, vases, and artificial flowers. In some of them there will be a statue of the Virgin on one side of the altar, with a statue of Christ on the other side. On the outside of the glass doors in many cases candlesticks with partly-burned candles are hung.

The lot inside of the cemetery walls is one tangled mass of undergrowth, almost hiding the handsome monuments. These weeds have been allowed to accumulate by the neglect of the keepers, who are indolent and shiftless. Some of the monuments are of marble, beautifully carved and exquisite in design. In many instances the graves are marked by busts, some of them made in the likeness of the dead one, while others are designed after patron saints or persons of historic interest.

The flowers used in decorating the graves and monuments are all artificial, as natural flowers fade quickly in this climate. The artificial flowers are beautiful and last for years. During the summer months there are a large number of deaths from yellow fever. The richer class can bury their dead. The poorer classes have to take chances of getting their last resting-place outside of the cemetery wall. Thirty or forty deaths a day from fever alone in Santiago was a common occurrence. The bodies of the poor people were prepared for burial and put in coffins. They were then taken to the cemetery and put back of the wall to be disposed of. All day long a force of grave-diggers was at work preparing graves, and as fast as the bodies arrived they were put in the ground and covered up. If, however, as was the case every day, the grave diggers got behind in their work and the rush of bodies was too great for them, the coffins were piled up to await their turn. If by three or four o'clock in the afternoon it was found that all the bodies could not be buried the coffins were placed in a heap and made ready for burning. Dry wood was placed around them and the whole pile was burned to ashes, which were scraped together and buried. The day the picture was taken from which the illustration was made I saw twenty-six bodies burned together. The smell was horrible and could be noticed a mile away. The bodies are always allowed to wait under a hot Cuban sun until their turn comes for burial or burning, and decomposition soon sets in. No attempt was made at disinfection.

The funerals of the richer class of people were conducted in very much the same way as in this country. There is a massive hearse, which appears to be built of ebony and is beautifully carved. Inside it is trimmed with magnificent lace curtains. Alongside four strong body-bearers, dressed in long Prince Albert coats, with silk hats, march in high dignity. The carriages are a horrible lot, pulled by scrawny horses. The funerals of the poor people, however, are conducted with little ceremony. The last rites are said at the house where the person dies. The coffin is shouldered by four men and hustled off to the cemetery in haste, to be placed back of the wall to take its chance with the rest. Not until the next day is it known whether the body is buried or burned. Few people ever visit the cemetery.

B. B.

A Naval Officer with a Record.

REAR-ADMIRAL WALKER AND HIS LOVE FOR DOGS—BUSY LIFE OF A VETERAN OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN G. WALKER was retired just one year before the commencement of the war with Spain, but, while not on active duty in defense of the country, his voice was heard in the council of the first naval board of strategy. Although he registered his sixty-third birthday on March 20th last, he is full of energy. Born in New Hampshire, he entered the Naval Academy in 1856. With the steamer *Winona* he took part in the engagements which resulted in the capture of New Orleans and Vicksburg.

He held command of the river ironclad *Baron de Kalb*, of the Mississippi squadron, and co-operated with the movements of the land forces under General Sherman in the vicinity of the Yazoo River. So gallant was the conduct of the young lieutenant-commander in the expedition against the Confederate gun-boats on this river at the capture of Yazoo City and of Fort Hindman, and in the assault upon Fort Pemberton, that he won words of the highest commendation from Admiral Porter himself, and was promoted over the heads of ranking officers to the grade of commander. His vessel, the *De Kalb*, while leading the attack upon the Yazoo batteries, ran foul of a torpedo which exploded, causing her to sink, and another torpedo exploded under her stern while she was going down. The fall of Vicksburg was finally due in great part to the bombardment from the rear which Walker conducted with cannon taken from the gun-boats.

The admiral has his foibles, and one pleasing weakness is his fondness for dogs. During the vicissitudes of his eventful career he has been accompanied by a specially faithful companion, a beautiful setter named Iowa Dash, in memory of his birthplace. This handsome creature was as well known at the office of the light-house board as the admiral himself, for as soon as the door was opened he would walk in at a leisurely pace, waving his great tail as if to clear the way for his distinguished master. He was even present at the board's sessions, lying curled up under the admiral's desk, and maintaining a dignified gravity of demeanor, as if aware of the august occasion. The lady clerks made a great pet of him, and tried to bribe his affectionate regard at lunch-time. Indeed, the dog was so identified with his master's surroundings at the Treasury Department (where the light-house board always holds its meetings) that a laughable mistake was made by a little girl who admired Dash extremely. "So the old watch-dog of the Treasury is sick," remarked her father one morning last year, during the fatal illness of Representative Holman. "The watch-dog of the Treasury, papa," asked the child, innocently, "does that mean Dash?"

Every spare moment of Admiral Walker's time is now being devoted to preparing the report of the Nicaragua Canal Commission, he having recently taken a prominent part in the important work of that body. His counsel has also been sought in regard to the Niagara bridge, its practicability, its probable expense, etc., an interruption which has retarded the completion of his report.

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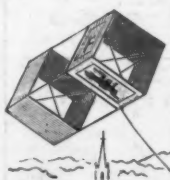
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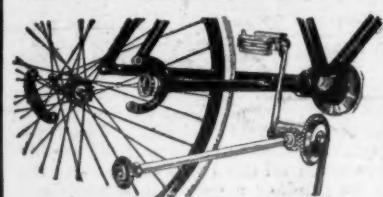
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